THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin.

Volume 171, No. 42 — Philadelphia, April 15, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 420 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

WANTED: A CHAPERON

By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON

Pictures By HENRY HUTT

GWENDOLYN WEST sat alone in profound meditation upon her future. She was the childless young widow of a naval officer, whom she had lost after six months of married life and two years of separation during his absence on official duty in foreign waters.

For three years she had mourned her Lieutenant dutifully. No crêpe had ever exceeded Gwendolyn's in depth and plenitude. At the end of that time her friend, Kate Payne—who had politely encouraged her illusion that the marriage was not a mistake—had told her she was tired of seeing her look like the German nursery picture of Slovenly Peter after he was fished out of the forbidden inkstand. Gwendolyn laughed—and the deed was done.

•

She had now emerged into alleviated grays and hopeful lilacs. Mrs. Payne, nodding approval, said she had never seen such a creature for making her clothes look stylish, and Gwendolyn, in return, owned that the materials cost nothing, and were made up by a little woman "by the day."

"All the same, you look solvent, prosperous, up to date. What can woman ask more?" said Kate.

"Ask? My dear Kate, you have no idea how hard put to it I am to make ends meet. I am so poor it is a scandal. If my Aunt Althea had not invested her money in this flat, when the house was going up, and left it to me in her will, I should be living in one room of a boarding-house, with a folding bed. As it is, I ought to let the flat and eke out my ridiculous little income with the proceeds. If I were abroad I might live on it almost in comfort."

"Nobody understands living abroad better than you do."

"Of course, since from nineteen to twenty-four I knocked about there with Aunt Althea. But my difficulty, absurd though it may seem for a woman of almost thirty, is that I look hardly old enough to live as a solitary female in the places I know best on the other side. In New York I am panoplied with respectability."

•

"And boredom," supplemented the frank Mrs. Payne. "It is no fun to live here on the outside of things, where one has been used to the inside. The truth is, you ought to have had a girl—not a boy, who would have been a handful, and most probably a pickle, but a nice little golden-haired angel, with short skirts and long, black-stockinged legs, whom you would have made a vision of picturesqueness in dress."

"Let us talk of what I have," said Mrs. West, with a sigh.

"It has just occurred to me that you would make a capital chaperon for some breezy young woman of large means, scant culture, and consuming ambition to see the world. You have position, manners, morals beyond question, and would be a perfect teacher of how to dot one's i's and cross one's t's in good society."

"What servitude!" exclaimed her friend, shuddering. "I detest breezy people who are uncertain of themselves. And there is nothing so delusive as temper. She might make my life a burden. How mortifying, too, to have to conduct her along the primrose paths of society in my own town! I should live over a volcano, never knowing when she would break forth."

"Take her traveling," went on Madame Machiavelli.

"That is better," said Gwendolyn. "But suppose she fell ill, or flirted, or defied me, away off there. She would be sure to do all three."

"I should do nothing without being well paid for it. With a full purse you can accomplish wonders."

"It would be such a relief to spend six months or a year free from looking over that hateful butcher's-book. Although I know that I and my two maids eat nothing, our bills are awful, and I can't pretend to read butchers' handwriting; can you? '3 cucks, o. 90'; that's what I labored over for a whole morning, after I had ordered a miserable little cucumber to be cut up with my fish."

"I am afraid the queen of your kitchen is a wiser potentate than you credit her with being. But, my dear, I have an inspiration. Yesterday I got a circular from a new 'Bureau of Information Concerning Women's Needs.' It is intended to bring together refined and cultivated employers and employees, and to make a specialty of companions, chaperons and governesses. Suppose I inquire—I know the woman at the head; she will take pains to oblige me—and see if she has any applications from young persons who have left school and desire to be 'finished' in the broadest sense——"

"Kate, Kate, you frighten me! You are such a steam engine in accomplishing what you set out to do, I should be afraid to go out to walk this afternoon lest I should come in to find my treasure installed here in permanence."

"You need not take her unless everything suits. I really believe such a girl would rouse you up, give you a new motive in life, and end by being a blessing in disguise——"

"Very much disguised," remarked Gwendolyn ruefully.

"It is now late February. You could sail in March by the Southern route to Genoa, and spend the spring in Italy."

•

Gwendolyn flushed and sat bolt upright. Her soul was pierced by the chant of nightingales in the Cascine woods; of the singers upon the star gondola by moonlight on the Grand Canal; of the Amalfi boatmen resting upon their oars! How well she would know where to go, and how to enjoy the best of everything! She had been starving for beauty for four years!

"Let me—let me have time to think," she said finally, with a sort of gasp.

"You poor victim, you have a most pathetic air," answered Mrs. Payne, getting up to go, and kissing her. "Of course you must think over it. Let me know to-night; and to-morrow morning, bright and early, I will order the brougham and set forth upon my quest."

A paid conductor and chaperon! Out of the mists of recollection loomed up before Gwendolyn a time when, sitting with her aunt and her husband in the dining-room of a great hotel in Amsterdam, she had seen the entry of a hot, red-faced lady, preceding a string of girls of assorted sizes, and marshaling them at table. Their party was completed by one lean, henpecked little boy—presumably the conductor's son, obtaining, free of expense, educational glimpses into the vistas of old-world history.

•

From that day on Gwendolyn had continued to meet them during their stay—fortunately brief—in the old Dutch town. One of the girls had taken a fancy to Mrs. West, and, whenever they came together in galleries and the like, annexed herself to Gwendolyn, asking flat questions upon art, and detailing her grievances against the head of their party. Mrs. Batt was selfish; she hurried them through things they wanted

"MY DEAR KATE, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HARD PUT TO IT I AM TO MAKE ENDS MEET. I AM SO POOR IT IS A SCANDAL"

to see, and lingered where the fare was good and cheap in order to feed up her little boy.

And Mrs. Batt in turn, running upon Gwendolyn in a corridor upstairs at their hotel, told her it was a dog's life she was leading, pulled around by these capricious girls, who didn't know what they wanted, and were forever having headaches and tiffs with each other, and taking offense about nothing, or else entering into conversations with strange men and thinking it clever.

Recalling all this, Gwendolyn drew a long breath of dismay. Then the maid came in with a sheaf of household bills and the announcement that she and the cook had determined to leave when the month should be up. An organ-grinder outside began to play:

"O bella Napoli,
O dolce Napoli."

The sunshine that streamed through the panes of her south windows was full of suggestions of purple seas, overarched by an azure dome, beneath which roses bloomed along the shore, and jasmine and orange flowers distilled their richest perfume. Oh! to be in the South, far from all the tokens of a city's overcrowded life that, day or night, can never be hushed!

If she had something of her very own—some hearthside idol to go and come in her little home—she would be more than content to stay there.

Then Gwendolyn subjected herself to a secret, crucial test. She opened a case of photographs and extracted one of its portraits. This was an up-to-date affair, executed by a New York photographer of note. It represented a man of five-and-thirty, good looking, amiable and weak.

She looked at it long and studiously. A line dashed off at her writing-table, a call for a messenger, a few hours' delay, and he would be with her. The very next day she might announce to all interested her engagement to marry Mr. Ernest Blythe. As Mrs. Blythe, provided she could maintain a sufficient interest in yachting and its devotees, no injunction would be laid upon her habits or inclination. Blythe was rich, easy-going to a ridiculous degree, as much in love with her as his capacity would admit.

But—Gwendolyn glanced up at an enlarged photograph of the late Lieutenant West, hanging in an ebony frame above that very writing-table, as if to control its output of chirographical amenities.

•

Her survey was not reassuring. "Oh! never, never again!" she murmured audibly. It is only once in a long while that women really speak to themselves aloud, and that is when they want a witness to some vow of a peculiarly binding character.

She took Mr. Blythe with hastening fingertips and drove him in at the very bottom of the pack.

Then something possessed her to go into a dark closet and hunt around upon its seldom-visited shelves to find a very old album of photographs, dating back before her travels.

She was eighteen then, and was making a visit to the wife of a professor in a university town, where most of these treasures of pictorial art had been accumulated. What faded old things they were, chiefly of undergraduates wearing queer collars and scarfs, with coats that did not fit and hair that was much too long! She had some difficulty in finding the particular cabinet photograph she sought, but it appeared at last, looking straight at her with the fearless gaze of handsome eyes that had once held over hers unwonted power.

"Ten—more nearly eleven—years ago," she mused. "He wore his hair like the sweep of a mahogany banister, poor dear; but *that was* a man."

John Rufus Atwell was his rather uninteresting name. He was a young widower of twenty-six when he came back to take a post-graduate course at —— from his home in a Western town, where he had left his child with its mother's people. None of his surroundings or antecedents had appealed in the least to the esthetic and superfine side of pretty Miss Gwendolyn. But he had fallen in love with her, just like half a dozen more of the youngsters. She had tried to treat him just like them—and had failed.

They had parted, though she had always remembered him with something of tender regret. But still the thing would have been impossible—quite impossible! What had become of him she had not the vaguest idea.

That evening a little note went to Mrs. Payne authorizing her to find out for her friend some one who wanted an unexceptionable chaperon.

Mrs. Payne had good reason to think that industrious interference in a friend's affairs is sometimes approved by the Fates. The Principal of the new "Bureau of Information Concerning Women's Needs" expanded with satisfaction on hearing of her errand.

•

It so happened that one of the earliest applications that had come to them was from a family in a Western State who desired to send their daughter abroad under competent care. She had looked into their references, although that was scarcely needful when it was understood that the father was the distinguished statesman, Honorable John Mordaunt, Senator from ———, whose name was in every newspaper one took up.

Mrs. Payne, reserving her decision as to this proof of infallible respectability, was pleased to be interested in the matter. She next read Mr. Mordaunt's letter to the Principal, and was even better pleased.

"That is nicely expressed," she said after scrutinizing every point. "For a wonder, it is not typed. He seems to be very much in earnest. And his ideas about—er—remuneration are certainly most liberal. Girl too young to be kept in Washington. I hope," she continued with sudden animation, "she is sound and strong, and has had everything."

"Had everything, Mrs. Payne?"

"Measles and whooping-cough—and her first love affair."

"I believe you will find my clients unexceptionable," said the Principal, who was not fond of jesting upon serious subjects.

"But they really must send her photograph," Mrs. Payne exclaimed as she rose, eager to convey the result of her interview to Gwendolyn. "And I think you may safely write to Mr. Mordaunt that if everything goes well he may count upon Mrs. Spencer West."

•

"Mrs. Spencer West!" cried the Principal, who, it will be recalled, was a reader of current prints. "Why, she is one of the most fashionable ladies in New York."

"Was. But her being so long in mourning has shut her in, and it is desired by her friends to rouse her from—ahem—her grief," went on Mrs. Payne nimbly. "We think she should have an object. You see, now, Mrs. Smith, how careful we should be to make no mistakes."

"It is our aim to intermediate between only the most refined and cultivated principals," replied Mrs. Smith with a sniff.

"And it is understood that the matter is *strictly* confidential?"

"That, madam, is the very foundation-stone of our enterprise."

"Good-morning, then. Perhaps, not to lose time, you might write at once to Mr. Mordaunt."

Whatever the Principal of the B. I. W. N. wrote it brought a quick response. Mr. Mordaunt was much gratified by her efforts in his behalf, begged to inclose a portrait of his daughter, and would be in New York on Sunday to settle the preliminaries.

"He is terribly businesslike," said Gwendolyn discontentedly. "But, dear me! the girl *is* pretty."

"'Pretty' is tame," said Mrs. Payne, taking the picture from her friend. "She is beautiful, in a rather common way. Ugh! That frock cut half high, the hair done in a horn behind and stuck through with a dreadful ornamental pin! You should go to Paris, and put her in Pacquin's hands. But how very mature she looks for seventeen. She is like one of our girls in her third season."

"You can see 'local belle' written all over her. And those chains and rings and pins!" said fastidious Gwendolyn. "Oh! I could never do it in New York. And now to brace myself for that dreaded meeting with the fond papa!"

It was not written on the cards that the meeting in question should take place. Gwendolyn, through nervousness and a heavy cold combined, was in bed with a neuralgic headache when he came. She could hear from where she lay the clear, resonant tones, the masterful tread of the Senator. She actually turned with her face to the wall, and stopped her ears with her fingers to avoid hearing him. Mrs. Payne scolded her afterward for her nonsense.

•

"I feel better satisfied, now I have seen him," said Kate. "There is something in him—I can't express it—that inspires confidence. He tells me the girl is motherless, and has been much indulged by her grandparents and relatives. He has been so busy with his affairs that he has seen little of her. She is affectionate and truthful, easy to lead, and hard to drive. She has never known anything but East Ephesus in her native State. She will come to you direct, and you ought to sail as early as you can."

Gwendolyn sat up in bed. A desperate resolve to do the thing thoroughly, if at all, had come into her brain.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

• • • • • • • • •

DIZZY-HEADED DICK

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Stories of Old Plantation Days—II

THOSE were troublous times on the plantation, both for master and for man. The master only should have been concerned; but nothing ever went on at the "big house" that "the quarters" did not feel and know. And they had good reason to know this. The master had been specially irritable that morning, and Dinah told Aunt Fannie that he had driven Jim, the valet, from the room, and had shaved himself—an unprecedented happening, for Bradley Fairfax had never before been known to refuse the delicate attentions of his favorite serving-man.

There was another reason, too, why the quarters should know all about the trouble, for was not Dinah herself the weathervane whose gyrations in the quarters had only to be watched to know which way the wind blew at the big house, and when Big Ben from the Norton plantation came over to visit her Emily, as he had been doing for a year past, had she not driven him from the place?

•

"I ain't a-raisin' darters," she said indignantly, "to th'ow away on de likes o' dem No'ton niggahs; w'en Em'ly ma'y, I spec' huh to look fu' biggah game in tallah trees."

"But, Dinah," said Aunt Fannie, "yo' been lettin' Ben gallant Em'ly right erlong fu' mos' nigh a yeah; huccome yo' done change so quick?"

Dinah turned upon her interlocutor the look of disgust which is only possible with a match-making matron as she replied: "La, A'nt Fannie, chile, yo' don' know? I let huh go 'long o' him case I hadn't 'skivered yit dat de niggah had any 'tentions. Soon es I did, I made him faihly fly."

•

Aunt Fannie laughed significantly, because she knew her people so well, and said with apparent irrelevance: "I ain't seed Mas' Tawm No'ton up to de big house fu' a day er so."

It was irrelevant, but confidential.

"Heish, honey; Mas' Bradley done driv' him away too long 'go to talk 'bout. He 'lows how ef Mis' Marg'et cain't find no bettah match fu' huhse'f dan Tawm No'ton she kin des' be a ol' maid, lak huh A'nt Marg'et."

"Whut's de mattah wid Mas' Tawm? He good quality an' mighty well off?"

"Whut's de mattah? W'y, he wil' es a young deeh; whut wid hoss-racin' an' gwine down de ribber to Noo O'leans, he des' taihin' up awful Jack!"

"But hol' on; I don' see de rights o' dat. Ol' Phœbe say dat Mas' hisse'f was one o' de hoss-racin'est, travelin'-erroun'est young mans in de country w'en he was a-comin' erlong."

"Sh-sh; maybe he done been dat, but den Mas' he settled down."

"Den w'y don' he give Mas' Tawm a chanst? A hoss got to be a colt fus', ain't he?"

"Look hyeah, A'nt Fannie, whut's de mattah'd yo'? I don' keer ef a hoss uz got to be a colt fus'; nobody ain't gwine to buy no colt w'en he want a ca'ige hoss."

"No, indeedy, an' yo' cain't tell me! No ca'ige hoss ain't gwine to 'mount to nuffin' 'less'n he been a purty lively colt."

"Go 'long, A'nt Fannie!"

"Clah out, Dinah!"

Aunt Fannie was wiser than she seemed. She was the cook for the big house, and from the vantage ground of her kitchen, which sat just a little way off the back veranda, she saw many things. Besides, her son Dick was a house boy, and he told her others.

She and Dick had special reasons for loving and cherishing the young Miss Margaret, for, when angry at some misdemeanor of the black boy's, Bradley Fairfax had threatened to sell him down the river, it had been the young woman's prayers rather than Aunt Fannie's wailings that had turned him from his determination. So they worshiped her, and Dick would have died for her.

On the day that the storm rose to its height Dick slipped down to his mother's kitchen with the news.

"Whut's de mattah'd yo', Dick?" asked his mother.

"Sh, mammy, but dey's goin's on up dah."

"Wha kin' o' gwine on, huh?"

"I hyeahd Mas' Bradley talkin' to young Mis' dis mo'nin', an' I tell yo' fu' a little w'ile it was maunahs."

"Whut'd he say to my little lammy?"

"Dey was talkin' 'bout Mas' Tawm No'ton, an' she tol' him dat Mas' Tawm wasn't so wil' ez he used to be, an' he uz a-settlin' down. Mas' he up an' said dat Tawm No'ton didn't come o' a settlin'-down fambly, an' dey wouldn't be no weddin' in his house 'tween huh an' a No'ton. Den she ax him el he an' Mas' Tawm's pa wa'n't great frien's w'en dey was young, an' he say, c'ose; but dey had come to de pa'tin' o' de ways long befo' ol' man Tawm No'ton died.

•

"Mis' Marg'et, she 'plied up, 'Well, fathah, I hope yo' won't fo'ce yo' darter to steal away lak a thief in de night to ma'y de man she loves.'

"'I ain't 'fraid,' ol' Mas' says; 'no Fairfax lady have evah done dat.' 'Den watch th'oo de day,' she answeh back, an' den I didn't hyeah no mo'. It 'pears lak to me Mas' Bradley ain't so sot ag'in Mas' Tawm No'ton, case he come out purty soon an' kicked Jim, an' w'en he right mad he don' ac' dat a-way. Seem lak he des' kin' o' whimsy an' stubbo'n; but it's goin' to mek somep'n happen."

"How yo' know whut it gwine to do?"

"'Case I saw Mis' Marg'et ride down to de big gate, an' w'en she thought nobody was lookin' tek a lettah out o' de post, an' w'en she rode back huh lips was a-set in de Fairfax way, so I'm gwine to keep my eye peeled th'oo de day."

"Oomph, is dat all yo' know?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, yo' clah out, yo' black rascal; yo' been envesdrappin' ag'in, dat's whut yo' been doin'. Yo' ought to be ashamed o' yo'se'f. Don' yo' come hyeah a-tellin' me no mo' o' yo' eavesdrappin' trash; clah out!"

"Yes'm, I'm a-goin', but yo' keep yo' eahs open, mammy, an' yo' eyes, too; an' mammy, 'membah hit's ouah Mis' Marg'et."

"Clah out, I tell yo'!" and Dick went his way. "Ouah Mis' Marg'et; sich impidence!" mused the old woman as she began to beat the dough for the biscuits; "ouah Mis' Marg'et—my po' little lamb!"

•

If Tom Norton had only known it, he had two strong allies in any designs he might have.

Aunt Fannie affected to ignore Dick's injunctions. Nevertheless, in the ensuing days she followed his advice and kept her eyes open. They were so wide open and so

—"an' Mas' Tawm he run to meet huh an' tuk huh by de han'"

busy with diverse things that on two mornings she sent in burned biscuits to the big house, and was like to lose her reputation.

However, all waiting must sometime end, and Aunt Fannie's watchfulness was rewarded when she saw one morning a carriage and pair dash up the front drive, circle the house, and halt at the back veranda.

"I couldn't mek out whut was de mattah," she afterward told Dinah, "w'en I seed dat ca'ige flyin' roun' de house widout stoppin'; den all of a suddint I seed my lammy come a-runnin' out wid a mantilly ovah huh haid, an' I look at de ca'ige ag'in, an' lo an' behol'! dah stood young Mas' Tawm No'ton, hol'in' out his ahms to huh. She runned right past de kitchen, an' whut yo' think dat blessed chile do? She stop an' fling huh ahms roun' my ol' naik an' kiss me, an' hit's de livin' trufe, I'd 'a' died fu' huh right dah. She wa'n't no mo' den ha'f way to de ca'ige w'en ol' Mas' come des' a-ragin' an' a-sto'min' to de do', an' Lawd, chile, 'fo' I knowed it I was a-hollerin', 'Run, baby, run!' She did run, too, an' Mas' Tawm he run to meet huh an' tuk huh by de han'.

•

"Den I seed my Dick runnin', too, an' I hyeahd Mas' Bradley hollah: 'Cut de traces, Dick; cut de traces!' I stepped back an' reached fu' my meat cleavah. Ef dat boy'd 'a' teched dem traces I's mighty 'feahed I'd 'a' th'owed it at h..n an' cut ouah 'lationship in two, but I see Mis' Marg'et tu'n an' look back ovah huh shoulder at him des' as she step in de ca'ige. She gin him a kin' o' 'pealin' look, but hit a 'fidin' look too, an' all of a suddint dat rascal's han's went up in de air an' he fell flat on de grass. Ol' Mas' kept a-screamin' to him to cut de traces, but c'ose, 'fo' he could git up de hosses was a-sa'lin' down de road, an' Mis' Marg'et was a-wavin' huh han' kin' o' sad lak outen de ca'ige windah; but la', Mas' Tawm gin one look at Dick a-layin' dah in de grass an' faihly split his sides wid laffin'. De las' I seed o' dem ez dey made de tu'n he was still a-hol'in' hisse'f.

"Well, Mas' Bradley he come a sto'min' down an' kick Dick. 'Git up,' he say, 'git up, yo' black scoun'el,' an' Dick raise his haid kin' o' weak lak, an' say 'Huh?' Well, I lak to died; I didn't know de boy had so much dev'ment in him.

"Ol' Mas' he grab him an' yank him up, an' he say: 'W'yn't yo' cut dem traces?' An' Dick he look up an' 'ply, des' ez innercent: 'W'y, Mas' Bradley, I was tuk wid sich a dizz'ness in my haid all o' de sudden hit seemed lak I was tu'nin' roun' an' roun'.'

"'I give yo' dizz'ness in yo' haid,' ol' Mas' hollah; 'tek him up on de po'ch an' tie him to one o' dem pillahs!' So Bub an' Jim tuk him up an' tied him to one o' de pillahs, an' ol' Mas' went inter de house."

•

Here Dinah broke in: "I was in dah w'en he comed. Me an' ol' Mis' had des' got back f'om town, an' Mas' Bradley he say, 'Well, a fellah dat'll drive right up in a man's ya'd an' tek his darter f'om under his nose mus' have somep'n in him,' an' ol' Mis' she laff an' cry altogethah. I spec' she uz in de secret. I ain' so down on Big Ben ez I was."

"La, Dinah, yo' is de beatenes'—— But wait; lemme tell yo'——"

"Don' I know de res'?"

"You don' know 'bout de coffee."

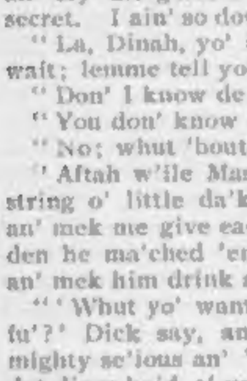
"No; whut 'bout de coffee?"

"Aftah w'ile Mas' Bradley sent a whole string o' little da'kies down to my kitchen an' mek me give each of 'em a cup o' coffee; den he ma'ched 'em all in line up to Dick an' mek him drink all de coffee.

"'Whut yo' want me drink all dis coffee fu'?' Dick say, an Mas' Bradley he look mighty se'ious an' 'ply: 'I's tryin' to cnoah dat dizzy haid o' yo'n.' Well, suh, I wish't yo'd 'a' hyeahd dem little rapscallions. Dey des' rolled on de grass an' hollahed, 'Dizzy-haided Dick! Dizzy-haided Dick!' an' Mas' he tu'ned an' went in de house. I reckon dat name'll stick to de boy 'twell he die; but I don' keer, he didn't go back on his young Mis', dizzy haid er no dizzy haid, an' Mas' Bradley he gwine fu'give de young folks anyhow. Ef he ain't, huccome he didn't tain Dick all to pieces?"

• • •

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR was born twenty-six years ago in Dayton, Ohio, and it was in the common and high schools of that city that he received his earlier education. At twelve years of age he was making juvenile attempts at writing, and by the time he was fourteen the local papers were publishing some of his work. After leaving school Mr. Dunbar still pursued his literary studies. His first two books were privately published, and did not reach the reviewers because the author was ashamed to send them. But Majors and Minors, a book of Mr. Dunbar's verse, fell into Mr. Howells' hands, and his review of it brought the young author his first general recognition.



In 1896, Mr. Dunbar spent six months in England, where he gave a successful series of readings and was made much of socially. Latterly he has turned his attention to story writing, and his work in this field has already won a place for him in the front rank of our younger authors.

At present Mr. Dunbar is engaged on a series of stories of Old Plantation Days for the POST. The above paper is the second in this series. The first was Aunt Tempy's Triumph, which appeared in the issue of March 4. The third is Mr. Groby's Slippery Gift, which will appear in an early number.

THE MODERN MUNCHAUSEN PAPERS

The Story of the Gentle Dentist

By WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

"THAT 'ere wolf story of yours the other night," said the ex-Sergeant of the Devonshire Blues, "puts me in mind of a little hanecdote.

"There was once two dentists in my native town, Hadoniram 'Adley and 'Arold Handrews. 'Adley was a big, coarse man, bold and confidential of 'is hown ability, not really so smart as Handrews, but 'e got the trade. Both was courtin' the same girl, Hamaryllissa Jolliphson. She was a big girl, but timid and shrinkin', and although we hall thought she liked Handrews best, 'Adley's forcible ways and masterful manners made 'er listen to 'im in spite of 'erself. Finally she was engaged to 'im. Handrews, when 'e 'eard of it, went and hargued with 'er.

"'It hain't on my hown account,' said 'e. 'It's yours. 'E's cruel, 'e is. 'E'll be a brute to you. 'E never gives laughin'-gas to little boys unless their folks is there and sees it's done, and 'e laughs when they yells, which 'e says 'e does to cheer 'em hup, but which is because 'e is a monster. I never pull a tooth from nobody without givin' 'em gas, at no hextra charge. I couldn't bear to see 'em suffer.'

•

"Hall of which was true. Everybody said Handrews was too tender-'earted to be in a perfession like dentistry. Well, 'e felt so bad when the weddin' occurred that 'e decided to leave town. 'Is business wasn't good and 'e didn't like to start it up somewhere helse, so a circus 'appenin' along, 'e got the job of feedin' and carin' for the menagerie. 'E felt sorry for them poor cooped-hup critters, away hoff from their native 'ome, and 'e wanted to make their lot more pleasant.

"'E took along 'is dentist's tools complete, for though 'e 'ad not been successful at that perfession, howin' to 'is tender 'eart, 'e wanted to 'ave something to fall back hon if the circus should break hup off somewhere. But you can bet 'e never would 'ave joined the circus if 'e 'ad knowed 'Adley was goin' to, which same 'Adley did. And this was 'ow it was:

"The circus 'ad a celebrated lion-tamer, and 'e died just before it come to hour town. 'E 'ad been the principal attraction of the show, and the manager was rather desperate. When 'Adley 'eard of this, 'e went to the manager and 'e said 'e would go with the show as tamer for three years hon condition that 'e could do with the lions just what 'e pleased, and that they was to be 'is at the hend of that time. 'E said 'e wanted an hevenin' to study 'em in, hall by 'imself, and in the mornin' 'e would give a performance.

"The manager said 'e would sign a contract the minute 'e see a successful performance. The performance was successful and the manager signed the contract, but I'll bet 'e wouldn't if 'e 'ad knowed then that 'Adley's private study of the hanimals 'ad consisted of givin' 'em ether and pullin' hout all of their teeth. But 'e didn't know it until the contract was signed and then it was too late.

"Well, them critters bein' unable to bite, 'Adley got 'em in a most remarkable state of subjection. 'E could whip 'em and lick 'em as 'e pleased, and 'e got 'em so cowed they did hall 'e told 'em, and they did tricks never done before. 'E halways went amongst 'em unarmed, except with a whip, and the public thought 'im the most wonderful tamer that hever lived, and the circus coined money.

•

"Them was fine-lookin' hanimals—none of your sickly, circus-born hanimals, but real natives—Ben, the Bengal tiger; Li Hung Chang, the ordinary lion, and Algie, the enormous black Algerian lion. Hafter their teeth was gone, feedin' 'em was somethin' of a problem, but they 'ad soup, porridge and such like. When you see them big fellers jumpin' round for 'Adley, and 'im beltin' 'em and puttin' 'is 'ands in their mouths, and they never doin' nothin', it looked great.

"'E was hawful cruel to 'em, and it made you feel bad. Handrews pitied 'em like hanything. Nights, hafter performance, when 'Adley 'ad done abusin' 'em and gone, it was a sight to see Handrews go into the cage and see them poor things come crawlin' hup to 'im for sympathy; Ben, the Bengal tiger, rubbin' against 'is back, and Algie, the black Algerian lion, resting 'is 'ead hon one knee, and Li Hung Chang, the ordinary lion, hon the hother, hall purrin' and whimperin' while 'e petted 'em and talked to 'em, and put salve hon the places where 'Adley 'ad bruised and welted 'em. They thought heverything of 'im, they did.

•

"The hanimals wasn't the honly thing 'Adley treated bad. 'E bullied 'is wife. It was the way 'e treated 'er and the hanimals that kept Handrews with the show. Handrews would 'ave left long ago if it wasn't for that. 'E knowed 'e could 'elp make the hanimals' lot easier, and 'e thought maybe there would be a chance to hassunge the grief of Hamaryllissa. One night hafter the performance, 'im and me—I was drum-major with the show—'eard 'Adley scoldin' 'is wife in 'is dressin'-tent.

"'You understand; 'ereafter you are to hassist me in the performances, dressed like a Greco-Roman Queen.'

"'Hoh, I'm afraid,' said Hamaryllissa.

"'Them critters is 'armless.'

"'I know it, but they frighten me. Besides, I 'ave never worn one of them decollaretto, bare-harm dresses, and I 'ate to.'

"'Well, I don't specially need you so long as we are playin' in these small towns, but when we commence in London next month you will play or I'll pull hevery bloomin' tooth you've got, like I done the lions, and I won't make you no false ones, either.'

"And then we 'eard the sound of a moan, and I hexpected to see Handrews run in, but 'e didn't. 'E 'ad started hup with a strange look hon 'is face when 'Adley said 'e would pull 'er teeth, etcetery, and 'e didn't 'ear nothin' thereafter. Besides, 'e was a slim man, not strong, while 'Adley could 'ave knocked down an ox.

"For several days hafter that I 'eard Handrews knockin' round in 'is tent late at night, and at the hend of the week I see 'im goin' to the lion cage with a leather case under one harm, and hon the hother a basket which 'eld, instead of the soup and gruel the lions and tiger was fed with, a lot of regular meat, bones and hall. 'E tried to 'ide it, but I see it.

"'Why,' said I, 'ow can they eat that? The sight of it, knowin' they can't eat it, will make 'em feel bad.'

"'It don't,' said 'e. 'I find that the sight of that meat cheers 'em hup.'

"Before this, what with months of bad treatment and unaccustomed food, the lions and tiger 'ad got mopey and measly; but they hall at once began to chirk hup and look fine. The manager was tickled, and wanted to know what Handrews was feedin' of 'em, but 'e didn't learn.

"Finally there come the day before the day when we was to leave for London. Hamaryllissa come to Handrews and told 'im what 'e halready knowed,—hall about 'Adley's threat, and, in addition, that 'e 'ad said that to show 'er 'e meant business 'e was goin' to pull two of 'er teeth hanyway.

•

"'Why, I should just naturally die, standin' hup there in a decollarette dress before hall them people. 'E's goin' to hintroduce a specialty to-morrow. Goin' to show the complete subjection of them beasts by puttin' red 'ot hirons in their mouths. And hafter that 'es goin' into hour tent and pull my two biggest teeth. Hoh, save me! save me!'

"Handrews leaped to 'is feet. 'Let Nature take it's course,' said 'e. 'Why should I hinterrupt its mysterious workin's? Goin' to put red 'ot hirons in their mouths, is 'e? Then let Nature take its course. Fear not,' and hoff 'e went.

"I never see them beasts look better than they did when 'Adley stood before the haudience and said 'e was to show the most remarkable hinstance of subjection of savage beasts to man ever knowed. They 'ad a look of sorter conscious power they 'adn't 'ad for some time. There was nothin' habject and cowerin' about 'em. The little plumber's forge was set singin'. 'Adley drew haut two red 'ot hirons.

"'Open your mouths,' said 'e. The beasts obeyed. 'E jabbed forward with both 'ands, and no sooner did 'e touch the critters than there was two most hawful roars, and there Li Hung Chang, the ordinary lion, 'ad bit hoff 'is left 'and, and 'is right 'and 'ad been bit hoff by Algie, the Algerian lion, and before 'e 'ad recovered from 'is surprise, Ben, the Bengal tiger 'ad bit hoff 'is 'end, hall with them new false teeth Handrews 'ad made for 'em a month before, which same 'e 'ad been accustomed to let 'em wear nights while eatin' their meat, and which on this occasion 'e had let 'em wear durin' the performance.

"So hended the worst villun I hever knowed. Hamaryllissa and Handrews is married now, and they give exhibitions with the hanimals, which does through affection hall they used to do through fear, and they wear their teeth hall the time."

• • •

Answering Uncle Sam's Questions

DOWN in Texas the United States Treasury Department has a force of "range-riders," who patrol the Mexican border to prevent smuggling, and, like everybody else in the civil service of the Government, they are appointed after examination from lists of eligibles. The examinations are supposed to be appropriate to the case, to ascertain the fitness of candidates for their peculiar duties, and to determine their "general intelligence."

Not long ago, when the Civil Service Commissioners were holding an examination for "range-riders," one of the "general intelligence" questions was:

"Where is the Bay of Fundy?"

One of the candidates, a cowboy who had more active experience than book-learning, wrote opposite that question on his examination papers:

"I don't know where it is; I never heard of it before, but I'm mighty sure it is not on the Texas border."

The examining board gave him full credit for a correct answer.

•

A similar reply was given by a colored applicant for a position in the railway mail service in North Carolina. When asked the distance from the mouth of the Congo River to the Cape of Good Hope he replied:

"I don't know. It looks a good ways on the map, but I never heard how many miles it is. I could tell better the distances in North Carolina."

•

A more self-conscious applicant who was asked how to avoid the odors of cooking in the kitchen and of animals in the stables, impertinently responded:

"Do your cooking in the stable, and keep your critters in the kitchen."

Decoration by Hills Thompson

AFTER twenty years' experimenting with that most fickle of all artistic mediums, the water-color, I discovered only yesterday the one perfect means of depicting atmosphere—an earthen teapot."

The keen-eyed, shaggy-browed man in evening clothes flung the remains of his cigar in the log fire and waxed eloquent over the merits of the teapot as an indispensable tool for the kit of the serious-minded artist.

"Yes, sir; I've bottled up Venetian sunshine—and you do not know what sunshine really is until you have studied it in Venice—and imprisoned the opalescent vapors of the Grand Canal within an ugly crockery mug with a broken lid and a stunted spout—cost, ten cents; shape, squat and globular; color, a muddy yellow; purpose, pouring upon paper a mixture of my own compounding that gives to an aquarelle a hint of the atmospheric loveliness which envelops Nature's jewel-casket in the Adriatic," and he laughed heartily.

There is only one artist in the world who could wax eloquent over so small a means to an end as a teapot, and his name is Francis Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, lecturer, engineer and man of affairs.

The man impresses one as having enormous physical and intellectual powers with which are blended the fine sensibilities of a woman and a delicacy of fancy and sentiment rarely found in one personality. It is this same combination of qualities in his pictures and writing that has won for him a place apart in the world of art and letters.

•

To the question as to what one thing has brought him the keenest satisfaction, Mr. Smith replies with surprising promptness, "The Race Rock Lighthouse." You feel disappointed that he should have chosen a work so prosaic as a bit of engineering skill upon which to pin his pride.

Knowing his brilliant accomplishments as writer and artist, you can hardly believe that he could forget his exquisite pictures of Venetian life, his literary masterpiece, Colonel Carter of Cartersville, or his convincing lecture on The Middle-Ground of Art. But he assures you, in a phrase, of the utter futility of these things as compared to that luminous monument of his industry which has defied the storms of fifteen years in New London Harbor.

"The building of that lighthouse made the profoundest impression upon my after life; it taught me self-reliance. Not because it represents my own brains and industry, mark you, for if I had not erected the Race Rock Light some other chap would have done so sooner or later, but simply because of its successful completion, when my limited experience in conducting a work of that magnitude is considered. And then the extraordinary good luck that attended me during its construction, principally in the selection of the men who assisted me, notably Captain Thomas A. Scott, of New London, to whom, really, the credit of the work is due."

You listen to the speaker with much the same thrill of admiration as a street Arab when he sees in the flesh for the first time one of the muscular idols of the pugilistic arena. You are even more impressed by his absolute ingenuousness than by the facts of his narrative, and for a moment you forget that this is the man who moistened your eyes by the recital of Colonel Carter's gentle infelicities, and delighted those same eyes with colorful drawings of Venice.

•

"How did I happen to write my first book?" repeated Mr. Smith. "Oh, it just grew out of the desire for copy on the part of the publisher who was reproducing some of my water-colors. These were first designed simply as a series of plates illustrating picturesque bits in various parts of the world where I had traveled. My publisher thought it would be a good plan to accompany each picture with some sort of letter-press, and asked me to write a story or description to go with my pictures. I did so, and the result was my first literary offense, Well-Worn Roads.

"While I was writing these sketches I received the attention of at least twoscore of advisers. Some of them wanted me to do the thing in the style of an essayist, others urged me to stick to description, while one or two of my friends suggested verses as the only adequate accompaniment to the pictures. I was ignorant enough to turn my back on all these suggestions and write what pleased me most in my own way.

"My first story I called The Church of San Pablo. I sent it to my publisher and awaited his verdict, feeling sure he would tear my virgin effort into metaphorical shreds. He disappointed me by telegraphing: 'Good stuff. Keep it up.'

"I took his advice, and that is how I stumbled into literature. Well-Worn Roads made its appearance in 1886. It seemed to hit the popular fancy. I like it as well as any of my books, but then, a man is never the best judge of his own works.

•

"I make no pretensions to fine writing. I wait until I have a story with some touch of human nature in it, and then I tell it in a plain, straightforward way. Perhaps my training as an artist helps me as a writer; I am fond of color, and I strive to put some of the sunshine of Venice in my stories of that place; a suggestion of the pearl-gray skies that overhang the dykes in my sketches of Holland; and the burning brilliancy of adobe huts, scarlet costumes and white-walled cathedrals in my descriptions of Spain and Mexico."

"Do you believe in the theory of inspiration?" I inquired, more to induce Mr. Smith to define his methods of working than to elicit what I felt sure would be a negative reply to my question.

"Inspiration!" he exclaimed. "The only inspiration I know anything about is called by another name—hard work. Being primarily a man of business, I have brought system and method to bear on everything I do. We live in a busy time, and produce our books and pictures in the midst of a seething caldron of competition. The unsuccessful man it seems to me is the one who loafs around waiting for an inspiration to strike him like a club, and when it does strike him he is usually too far gone in laziness to know he's hit. I don't mean by this, however, that one cannot have a really brilliant idea, but that often the best motives for a story or a picture come to the mind that is busied with many things, and therefore alert to the value of all things.

"As for myself," continued Mr. Smith, poring over a portfolio of water-colors representing his last summer's work in Venice, "I can only paint and write what pleases me, and I must take my own time in the production. I never undertake a task for the mere remuneration of the thing. I try to put the best that is in me into a picture, a story, a descriptive sketch. After that I consider it a commercial product purely, for which I try to receive the highest market price. Prosaic? Yes, very; but there exists no cleaner or more honorable method."

•

We had been talking in the studio, a large room at the top of the Smith residence on Thirty-fourth Street, New York. This studio, lit by a broad skylight, is a veritable treasure cabinet, decorated as only an artist can decorate his workshop, and filled with the lares and penates of a traveler and esthetic connoisseur. There are water-bottles from Madrid, masks from the Orient, a woman's headdress of brass from some little Holland town, a richly carved bellows of Flemish make, a pair of sabots from France, and, in a corner, the famous white umbrella that had been the artist's passport in many out-of-the-way corners of the earth, and the motive of one of the most charming books of travel ever printed, A White Umbrella in Mexico.

"How do you find time to accomplish so many things, and do them all so well?" I asked, after Mr. Smith had outlined a few of the undertakings he had planned for the next two or three months—several large engineering contracts with the Government; a new novel, dealing this time with the experiences of a Southern youth in New York society; and half a dozen magazine articles and a book of drawings.

"Simply by pegging away at each piece of work in hand until I have finished it," he replied. "Whether it is a sea-wall or a water-color, a charcoal sketch or a novel, a lighthouse or a lecture, I follow the same method.

•

"Get tired? One doesn't tire of congenial work. Why, I squeeze more fun out of my work than all the amusements people commonly indulge in for recreation. It's only drudgery that wearies. I rewrote the introductory chapter of Colonel Carter nine times before it satisfied me, and then ripped it apart in the proof. That's the kind of work that tells on me. Doing a thing that will bear your own honest criticism at the first whack is pure pleasure, or should be."

After ten minutes' conversation with F. Hopkinson Smith, it is borne in upon the dullest mind that he is not as other Smiths, and though he may be convinced of this fact himself it has not crushed his modesty. It is easy to realize that the good fairies were very lavish in their gifts to this man at his birth. And yet he has won his fame and fortune by sheer industry and an indomitable determination to succeed.

In art, his true forte lies in the direction of the aquarelle; it's as a water-colorist that he will be recorded in the annals of American art. His pictorial methods are of a piece with his writings—a method of marvelous directness and simplicity. He secures in his pictures a maximum effect by a minimum expenditure of effort. This is the real impressionistic method, and Mr. Smith is an impressionist of the genuine and saner type.

"I would use the brush of a bootblack and paint with that if by no other means I could get the effect I sought," said he. "It is all nonsense to say I must use this method and not that; that I must lay my colors on in a thin film and not apply them solidly. Walt Whitman said, 'I will wear my hat at any angle I please,' and I say I will paint with any tools that subserve my purpose, and use brick-dust if nothing else will give me the desired effect."

•

"Of course, you began your art career by making impossible chalk drawings of cows and horses on the door of your father's barn," I ventured.

"Not quite so unconventional," answered Mr. Smith, striding over to an unfinished picture on an easel and lengthening the prow of a gondola with a piece of chalk. "I got my first start through the encouragement of an old German artist who showed me what not to do in drawing a landscape. I never had time to study art as most men study it. I was too busy at the outset earning my bread and butter. On Sundays and holidays I would steal out in the woods and make careful drawings of trees and paths seen in perspective. Do you know there is no finer atelier for an artist with eyes that see things as they are than the heart of a forest? There is the place to learn color values and study the most difficult of all pictorial problems—atmospheric planes. Look at this!"

The man of many accomplishments drew out from a chest of drawers a small, faded portfolio and held up a cramped and finicky pen-drawing of a clump of trees. "I made that in 1858. Bad, isn't it? Well, it was only by this sort of thing, all 'teased' and 'tickled' to death, that I learned what to omit in a picture—and the man who knows what to leave out in painting Nature has learned the fundamental principle of art."

•

Born in Baltimore sixty years ago, of good old Virginia stock, Hopkinson Smith at the age of fifteen attended a preparatory school in the Oriole City with a view to entering Princeton. But his father's reverses changed the whole course of his life. At sixteen he was shipping clerk in a hardware store at fifty dollars a year. Two years later he became Assistant Superintendent in a Baltimore iron company owned by his brother. Then the war broke out and the big foundry closed its doors. The young man's prospects were gloomy enough when he came to New York in 1862.

"I wore out a deal of shoe-leather in seeking employment here," said he with pathetic directness. "I was a stranger, and no one seemed to want a quiet youth whose parents were rebels. Finally my luck turned,

F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO

and a friend of my family gave me a position in his iron business on Broad Street. Half an hour after this good fortune had come to me I stood at the corner of Beaver Street and Exchange Place, just ten feet away from where my present offices are located, trying to realize my luck.

"After a while I got into contract work on my own account, and associated myself in business with my present partner, James Symington, who is also an artist. My first important engineering contract was the construction of the stone ice-breaker around the Bridgeport Lighthouse. Then came the Block Island breakwaters, the Governor's Island sea-wall, the foundation of the Statue of Liberty, and the Race Rock Lighthouse at New London, and the others.

"Yes, I have other interests, but these affairs are the corn and hominy of my life; the sweetmeats and syrup are the books I write and the pictures I paint."

Naturally our talk drifted to Venice—its incomparable beauties and its unfailing interest to the artist. Hopkinson Smith articulates the word "Venice" as the Mussulman breathes the name of Allah.

"It means so much to me," he says. "Venice is a disease. You go there for the first time and are overwhelmed with its charm; you leave with its dazzling domes, its sparkling canals and its architectural loveliness burned in your memory. And you go back again and once again; the disease is then chronic.

"Every year I take a three months' vacation and make direct for the city of the Doges. I have been spending my summers there for many seasons. I see new beauties in the old bridges and ornate façades every time I go. When you paint Venice you paint the most fascinating place on earth. Think! They build one new house there every fifty years. Your gondolier, too, is likely to have patrician blood coursing through his veins. You see nowhere else on the globe such a riot of color, such simplicity of life, so much to think about and dream over.

"When I go there I dismiss all business worries from my mind. I do not know and do not care what is transpiring in the outside world. Under the shade of my gondola awning I am a court painter of the fourteenth century, and there are no such things as ledgers or contracts. Venice keeps me young."

•

The blazing logs in the big fireplace had turned to glowing embers that made the shadows in the studio corners dance fantastically. A chance remark brought out still another side of this remarkable man. Success was the catchword.

"Success!" he echoed. "Yes, it is desirable in many ways. But what spectacle more melancholy than the so-called successful American business man? He is on the treadmill until he has lost sight of every pure pleasure in life. He grinds day in and day out to pile up a few dollars for the enjoyment of children who, ten to one, will develop into insufferable cads. Many of them have never learned the delights of outdoor life; the joys of art, literature, music, flowers, or the appreciation and sympathy of his fellows. All this to many an overworked business man is a sealed book. He is a money-making machine, and dies a shriveled shadow of the man whom once he was. I would rather have my piece of cake every day than wait for it until my teeth are gone and my palate is a piece of leather."

It was long past midnight when I left the modest four-story house, so ordinary in its exterior, so unique and wholesome inside.

"I have some proof sheets to correct before I turn in," cheerily exclaimed the occupant of the doorway as he waved goodnight. A moment later an eye of light blinked at the stars from a skylight.

• • •

When an American Inspired Kipling

RUDYARD KIPLING did not at all like the United States when he first visited the country; but that was in 1880, when he was going out to India to become a subeditor on the Lahore News.

Years later, when he was writing The Light That Failed, he met, in London, a citizen of Illinois who had read the Lahore News in 1880, and who resented the imputations found there. It was at a friendly and informal meeting of American and English newspaper men and writers of more serious matter, and the critic called Kipling's attention to some errors in his "impressions."

"I think," said he, "men are much the same everywhere. A weak man in America would be a weak man in London—or Zululand. And there are strong men East and West, and everywhere."

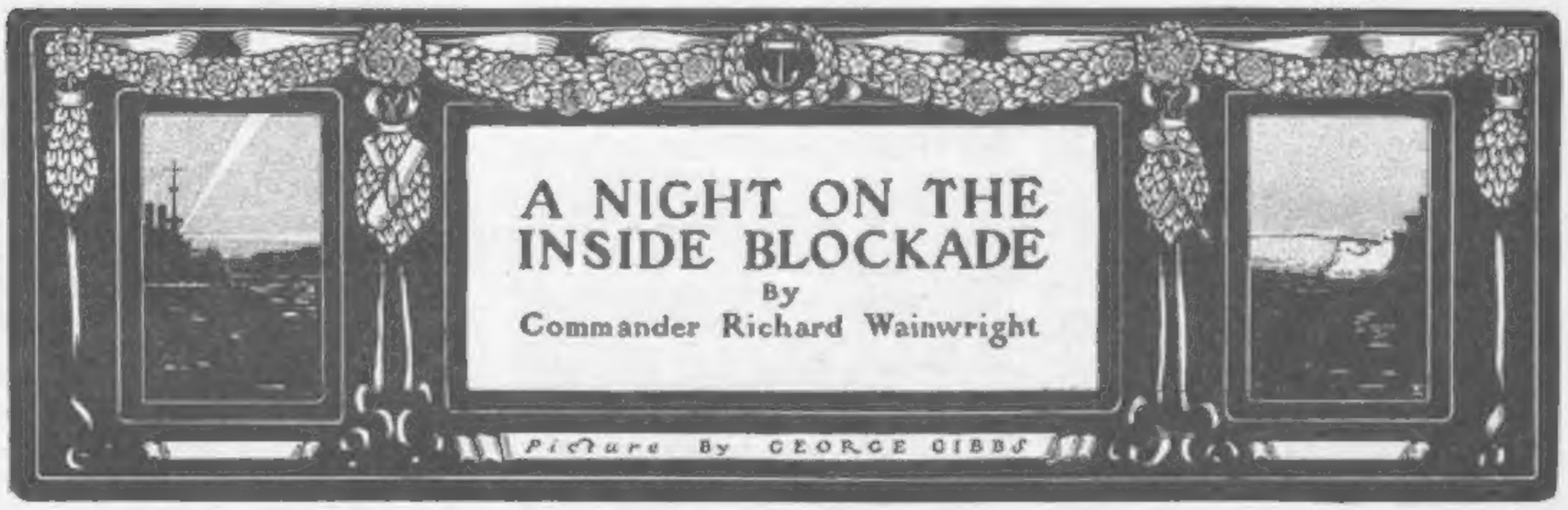
Mr. Kipling, who had admitted his error, rolled clumsily on his side, and wrote on the flyleaf of a book:

"For there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

And this he tore out and handed to his American critic.

"That's a good sentiment," said the latter; "and it's the truth."

The "incident was closed" after that, and the party dispersed. But when East and West appeared later in the Ballads, the Illinois man found himself in possession of the original draft of that prelude.



LATE one afternoon we were called from our station on the eastern end of the blockading line by the signal from the flagship: "Gloucester, come within hail."

When we arrived off the quarter of the New York, the Assistant Chief of Staff, Lieutenant Staunton, hailed us and told us to inform Captain Folger, of the New Orleans, that, after daylight the next morning, he had permission to go inshore and develop the fire of the new batteries he had been watching for some days past.

Glad to be the bearer of such acceptable orders, we steamed down to the New Orleans. She had the station next to ours in the blockading line. We hailed Captain Folger through the megaphone, and gave him the Admiral's directions.

There was a moment's pause, and then the hoarse answer came across the water:

"What ships will go in with me?"

"I have heard of none," I said laughing; "but the Gloucester will see you safely through if you need help."

At this Folger laughed heartily. He was in the best of humor to appreciate a joke, for he had been longing for a good opportunity to try his battery in a fight ever since the New Orleans had arrived. His new instructions gave him ample time to ascertain the advantages of his new mounts and smokeless powder. The Gloucester put her helm over, and back we went to our post.

The afternoon drew to a close, and dinner was served under an awning on the port side aft. The sea was losing its blue shade and was taking the grny tones of evening, a breeze was blowing up and the prospects were for fair weather.

•

It was a sight worth remembering. From the New Orleans and New York near us the fleet stretched in a long, irregular line to the westward. The New York and the Oregon were in plain sight, and the other vessels, from the Massachusetts to the Texas and the Brooklyn, on the extreme western end of the line, grew fainter in the haze of the western sea.

Steam launches, nervously puffing, darted from ship to ship, and near the flagship a cluster of dancing small boats were waiting orders from the Admiral. One or two press boats, smoking and dingy, hung astern, hoping for a crumb of news. The Vixen and Suwanee were steaming toward their stations, and the Vesuvius and Porter were moving toward the New York from the direction of Siboney, possibly bearing telegrams from the Department or from the Army.

•

Twilight fell solemnly, but on the land near us we could still see Aguadores and the Spanish flag flying over the little Columbus Fort. Beyond was the Morro, and I believe we could just make out the battery on the crest of the hill. In the brief interval between day and night we lit our electric lights. But it was not for long, for as soon as darkness fell lights were turned out and we made for our night station off the mouth of the harbor.

As the vessels moved along down to their posts we saw signal lights flash from the New York. She was testing her Ardois. She made the general signal, and one by one across the water the answer came twinkling from all the vessels of the fleet.

Following the general signal there came from the flagship a quick succession of red and white lights giving the orders for the night. By the time the signals were completed we could barely distinguish the nearest ships, and the land to the north of us was only a dark streak of purple, with a line of gray below, where the surf was breaking.

Suddenly all lights in the fleet went out as if by magic. We moved slowly along, keeping about half a mile offshore. We could see nothing, but we knew that all the other ships were moving, and the forward lookouts strained their eyes ahead and over the bows to give a warning if necessary.

•

In a moment, over on our port bow, lights, red and white, flashed out the Oregon's number. It was her first trick at the searchlight. An answering signal came from some of the ships nearest her, but the Gloucester made no sign, for we were inshore and too far away to be seen from the battle-ship.

The engines below had been moving very slowly, but we knew that by this time we must be near the Morro. It was too dark to see the land plainly, and we could not make out the castle, but we could hear the surf roaring in the caves below the fortress.

Suddenly, without warning, a streak of light shot directly athwart our course. In the fraction of a second it crossed our decks, and we could see it sweep backward and forward along the shore line looking for the harbor entrance. It was the Oregon's searchlight, and it was soon directed up the channel in a steady beam. Although the edge of the rays just grazed the western wall, occasionally we had a good view of the Morro.

We now steamed slowly close in and just to the eastward of the beam of the searchlight, noting the bearing of the North Star over the Morro, so as to avoid, as much as possible, looking at the compass and showing the binnacle light. Half the crew of the Gloucester were on deck near their guns, the other half were turned in below, or trying to sleep on deck under the wing awnings.

The officer of the deck and the Quartermaster were on the bridge, the lookouts were strung along the sides, and a man was stationed at the lights ready to make signals. There was a long swell rolling in, with a light breeze blowing across it, so that the Gloucester fell off into the trough of the sea whenever we stopped the engines. There is no sleeping for officers or men when the Gloucester gets into the trough. The current set us slightly to the westward, so we drifted along toward the path of the searchlight.

We could see plainly along the edge of the beam, and nothing could come from the westward without a notice from the lookout. In fact, nothing could leave the harbor and move to the eastward without our giving the alarm. The Oregon could see well up the harbor in the path of her light, but outside all was dark to her.

Just to the westward of the beam and at the mouth of the harbor was the Suwanee, and a little farther to the westward and close inshore was the Vixen. Not even a rowboat could have come out of the harbor without being detected, and a torpedo-boat would have been seen in ample time to warn the fleet. Suddenly a lookout was seen to hurry aft, and the Quartermaster reported:

"Something on the starboard bow, sir."

Necks were craned out landward, where we could just make out a small, dark object lying low on the water only a few hundred yards away. If it was moving at all it was moving very slowly.

At a word our lights flashed out our signal, a question as to her identity. A few seconds of suspense followed. We were almost sure it was not an enemy, for it certainly had not come out of the harbor since we had reached our station. Possibly it came from some point to the eastward; but anxiety was relieved at last by the red and white lanterns shown over the side toward us and away from shore. It was one of our picket launches.

AT THE COMMAND OUR SEARCHLIGHT WAS STARTED AND TURNED FULL ON HER

•

Now there was a little more light growing about the ship, for you could see the figures of the men, silent, alert, watchful, standing along the deck. It was a dangerous position, for we were near the beam, and were being illumined by the diffused rays of the searchlight. The North Star was well to the right of the Morro. It was time to move back to our station.

The Gloucester steers badly when moving slowly. We backed slowly away from the beam of light, and our head fell a little to starboard. Then we went ahead with the helm hard a-port. Brighter and brighter it grew, until we found that we could not turn and get back again into the friendly darkness without first entering the intense light.

It grew brighter, until for a moment we were almost blinded by the strength of its rays. We made our signal at once, hoping not to be taken for an enemy and fired on before we could be made out on the battle-ship. The signal was answered on our port quarter by the Oregon and on our beam and bow by the Vixen and the Suwanee.

The beam was then accommodatingly raised for a moment or so and we were left

in darkness, under cover of which we steamed out of the line of direction and back toward the eastern end of our patrol station. Our turn to starboard took us closer inshore than we thought for, and we could hear the surf plainly. The lookout on the port quarter saw a white blur well inshore and close to the searchlight beam, but, after examining it carefully with the glasses, we finally made it out to be the break of the waves on the rocks at the foot of the Morro.

•

Another signal to the right and beyond the Oregon. Nearer still. There was an answer, and we made it out to be the Massachusetts coming up to take her trick at the searchlight. Another beam flashed out and fell immediately to the right of the Morro. For a moment it silvered the sombre walls of the castle, then steadied down into the old path up the harbor.

The beam of the Oregon disappeared, and for a minute we could see a dull red glow moving away from the Massachusetts. It was the Oregon's searchlight fading out into the darkness and distance. There was one more signal near the main body of the fleet, with an answer showing from one or two of the nearest vessels. The Oregon had resumed her station in the line.

All was quiet and darkness again save for the gleaming path of light at the harbor mouth. Then, from near where the New York was supposed to be, a signal was shown. For a moment it appeared to move toward us. We had been warned to expect the Vesuvius, and so we strained our eyes eagerly in the direction of the last signal, for we wished to make her out without showing lights. There was enough risk for her as it was, without giving the enemy her position.

Soon we made out a dark shape that grew larger and larger as we looked. It might be the Vesuvius and it might not. Our guns were ready in case of a mistake, but as the glasses caught her and we saw the profile of the pneumatic guns forward we knew that we were right. We could guess rather than see that she was feeling for a position preparatory to sending one of her deadly missiles.

•

All hands on our deck looked anxiously in the direction of the harbor. There was a long moment of expectancy. The men had heard of this terrible new engine of war, and waited the result of the first shot in breathless suspense. They tried to follow the black muzzles of the guns as the vessel slowly drew into position, but she remained silent and apparently inert. At last there was a hoarse outrushing of air, like nothing so much as a human cough, and the projectile went hurtling through the air.

Where would it strike? Another moment of suspense. Then up the harbor we saw a small, brilliant flame glow out of the middle of a great glare that flashed like lightning on the hillsides. All the heavens were alight at once. There was an angry roar that sounded like a clap of thunder close aboard, and then silence and darkness deeper than before.

It was a good shot, at or near Cay Smith, and must have shaken them up not a little. Another pause. Again the hoarse sound was heard from the destroyer, and the shot struck near Punta Gorda. A third shot was fired that night, but it went over and dropped into the bay, for we did not hear the explosion.

•

The work of the Vesuvius was done. Her Commander, Pillsbury, sung out a cheerful good-night as she swung round, and in a moment, as quietly and mysteriously as she had appeared, she vanished into the darkness.

The Gloucester was now moved about by barely turning over the screw. Our Surgeon, Bransford, was given charge of the lookouts aft. With Bransford there, and Wood on the bridge, I felt that I could take a little rest. I knew that Bransford could see farther than most men. But before turning in on my steamer-chair I decided to look round.

As I went forward the lookout pointed out a dark shape moving slowly toward us. Quickly we made our signal. It was not returned. As it drew nearer we could see that it was a torpedo-boat. While almost certain that it was one of our own, it would not do to run even the faintest chance of letting an enemy's vessel get among the fleet.

The men moved quietly to their guns, which were loaded and turned upon the little vessel. As a safeguard, the breech plugs were kept open to prevent an accidental discharge. At the command, our searchlight was started and turned full on her. Not until then did she show her signal lights. She was the Dupont or the Porter.

If she had moved rapidly at any time before showing her signal we must have fired on her. The Spaniards gave us an easy time on the inside blockade, but our own boats kept us anxious all night.

A little later, while I was in my steamer-chair, Bransford touched me on the shoulder and I very quietly followed him aft. He searched the darkness for a moment carefully and pointed out a dark object on our port quarter. We examined it carefully with the glasses. It was just the size and shape of a torpedo-boat, and seemed to be about under the Morro.

One of our boats could not have got in there without our having seen it before. An enemy's boat would be likely to steam out rapidly; but we thought possibly it was one that had been moving out slowly under the shadow of the land.

Every gun that could be brought to bear was trained on the object. For a moment I made up my mind to give the signal, "An enemy's boat is coming out," but a false alarm would be dangerous. It might prove fatal to some of the picket boats or auxiliaries. After the alarm is given the battleships can take no risks and must fire on anything that approaches them.

The fact that we had seen no boat coming out in the path of the searchlight and that the object was evidently not moving kept us in doubt. At last we were relieved to see the white gleam of surf between us and the object, and we knew that our supposed torpedo-boat was only a rock at the foot of the Morro.

•

Toward morning we could see the signal lights from the Massachusetts as she approached to relieve the Oregon. We were now farther to the westward than usual, for we had been keeping near the edge of the beam and the Oregon had been drifting to the westward. So when the Massachusetts threw her light on the Morro we found ourselves between the two beams of the searchlights. It was a glorious sight. We could look straight up the harbor and see the Punta Gorda battery distinctly, while we ourselves were in complete darkness.

A breeze blew up, and by and by we began to see the dark streak of land to the eastward of the Morro, as the black mass outlined itself against the dawn. We could now see faintly through the beam of the searchlight. As day broke the searchlight was turned off, and the battle-ship made for her station in the line. The picket launches headed for their own ships, and the Vixen and Suwanee steamed offshore out of range.

Then, as the streaks of light grew brighter, the New Orleans swung out of the line to get into position for her attack on the batteries.

It was beautiful to see her come leisurely along the shore within easy range of the Spanish batteries. She steamed on proudly, waiting until she had arrived abreast of the battery just east of the Morro; then she let fly all her starboard guns. There was no smoke, only a slight haze was visible, as gun after gun was fired in rapid succession. A few shots passed over, but the larger number struck the crest of the earthwork. It was splendid shooting.

The Spaniards fired a few shots. Some fell short and some went over, coming as near the New York as the New Orleans, but none of them hit anything. The western battery began also, but with no better aim, some of their shot coming as near us as they did to the New Orleans. She steamed down the coast until in position for this battery and soon silenced it. Then she steamed back slowly to her blockading station. She had challenged all the sea batteries of Santiago and returned uninjured. The Spanish, to have the last word, fired a solitary gun as she hauled offshore.

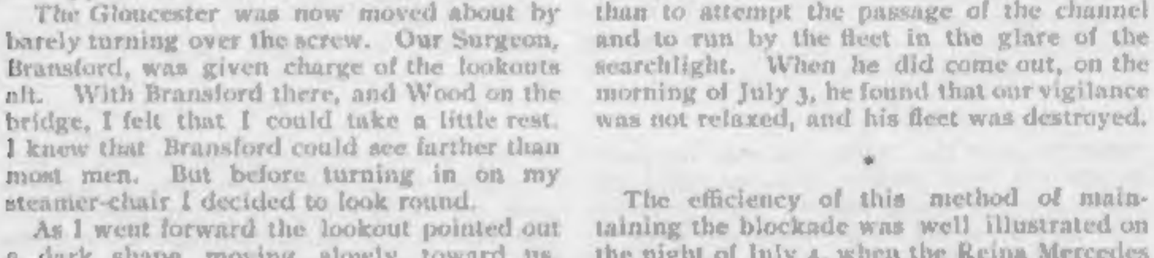
Many similar nights were spent on the blockade off Santiago. The arrangements were so complete and the vigilance so perfect that the Spanish Admiral deemed it the better plan to come out in broad daylight rather than to attempt the passage of the channel and to run by the fleet in the glare of the searchlight. When he did come out, on the morning of July 3, he found that our vigilance was not relaxed, and his fleet was destroyed.

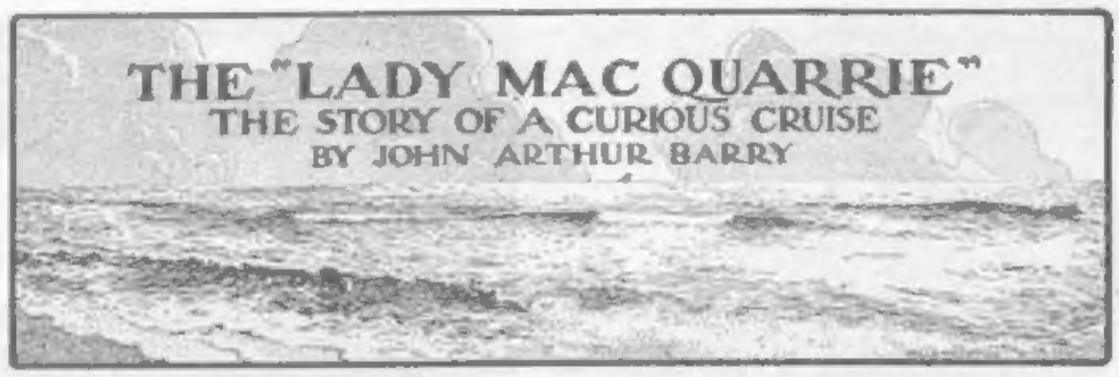
•

The efficiency of this method of maintaining the blockade was well illustrated on the night of July 4, when the Reina Mercedes started out and was discovered and sunk by the Texas and Massachusetts, inside the Morro, and just off the Estrella battery.

The Gloucester was lying off the Morro on this occasion, but was too far to the eastward to see up the channel. As soon as the firing commenced the New York steamed close in and hailed us, asking us if we knew what had caused the firing. As we could see nothing, we answered that we thought that one of the vessels must have had a nightmare and mistaken the Morro for a Spanish vessel. Signals from the Texas soon proved us in error.

On this occasion the Spanish batteries fired a number of shells, but were unable to hit the searchlight vessels in spite of the excellent mark they afforded. The Indiana, having closed in when the alarm was given, was struck by a mortar shell, probably intended for one of the other vessels. The shell exploded between decks and started a fire, but did no serious injury.





"SAY, boys," exclaimed Mowbray, looking up from his newspaper, "we ought to have a try for this new rush up there in the Northwest. Listen to this:

"'One man in two days won thirty ounces of almost pure gold obtained at the bottom of a shaft twenty feet deep in moderately easy sinking. As yet there are very few diggers on the field, but as steamers are being put on from the Southern colonies . . . um . . . um. Men are warned against . . . (oh, yes, of course). . . . Bids fair to be the biggest alluvial find seen in Australia for many years. King's Sound is the nearest point to make for by water to the new field, which is situated at the foot of the Leopold Ranges in the Kimberley District of Western Australia.'

"Boys," continued Mowbray conclusively, as he put down his paper, "we should even now be on our way to this new El Dorado. We've been long enough waiting for a show. Let's clear! I'm full to the brim of loafing round here."

Paxton laughed ironically as he dug his bare feet into the warm sand upon which the three of us were lying after our bath. "It's two thousand miles," said he. "But of course that's nothing. And the fare's at least £30—steerage. Not to mention such trifles as tucker and tools. Oh, yes, let's go right away. What's the use of putting it off and shilly-shallying about here?"

•

"Paxton," retorted Mowbray, "you're a fool. How much money have you got?"

"Three pounds and some small stuff," replied Paxton, grinning. "Call it three ten altogether. About enough to shout a decent dinner on."

"And you, Iredale?" turning to me.

"A fiver," I replied, "at the outside."

"Well, I dare say I can muster as much as both of you put together," said Mowbray. "And we'll start as soon as we can fix things up!" and jumping to his feet he executed a *pas seul* along the beach, while we looked on, wondering whether the sun had not been too much for him.

"But," I remonstrated, as presently he calmed down a bit, "Paxton's right enough, old man. It's a deuce of a distance. And fares at the start are sure to be high. You know how the companies slap it on in a case of this kind."

"Fare me no fares!" exclaimed Mowbray. "And let the companies keep their iron screw-pots. We'll sail our own ship. There she is. Slow, perhaps, but sure. Likewise coffee in the morning and no fore-royal! Look at her! There lies the Argo that shall bear us to the Golden Fleece of—er—thingumbob."

And, as we followed the pointing finger across the water and our minds fell into line with his, we fairly yelled with laughter and rolled on the sand in ecstasies of it.

•

Just now we were "camping" on the shores of one of the many picturesque coves and sea-arms that scallop the great main harbor of Port Jackson. While the New South Wales summer heats are at their height this camping business is a favorite one with even rich people, who, taking servants, tents and boats, choose some favorite spot and spend a Bohemian time, almost always either on or in the water. Also, there are impecunious people who, attracted by the free life and the cheapness of living, give the city up and make their home in some secluded nook. This latter was our case.

Blue Pointer—so called as being a favorite haunt of the shark known by that name—was really a small cove with a narrow entrance, through which a view of the main harbor was just obtainable. On the opposite side to where our tent was pitched, some hundred yards across, was a dilapidated wharf. And moored to this was the object Mowbray had apostrophized.

Imagine a broad, ungainly old tub of a paddle-wheel ferry steamer, raw and rusty for lack of shelter from the sun; her funnel red with rust, and the Muntz metal on her bottom showing the color of verdigris. And this was the craft that Mowbray proposed we should go to sea in. Was it any wonder we laughed?

Two or three years ago a company had endeavored to form a "sanatorium" on the opposite rocks; had cleared some scrub, built a jetty and purchased a boat to carry visitors about the harbor. But alas! the project languished for lack of funds, and at last the promoters faced the Insolvency Court, and the creditors tried to realize on their assets. But no one wanted either land or wharf or steamer. And there they lay, unkempt, untended, uncared-for.

We, as long as we had been there, had never been on board of her. But now, finding that Mowbray was in most determined earnest, we got our boat and sculled across and examined the Lady Macquarrie, still on our part with little or no severity of purpose.

"Ladies' Cabin. No Smoking," was the first thing that caught our eyes as we stepped on the lower deck. This cabin was simply a portion of the deck, round and up the centre of which ran benches whose sides were formed by windows of pretty thick glass, which could be opened or shut at pleasure like those of a railway carriage. At one end were doors. The other end, the men's cabin, was exactly the same, only there were no doors. In the centre stood the steam chest, funnel, etc., and down a square, open hatchway, surrounded by a sort of iron fence, were the engines.

•

Mowbray was all over the ship, poking and prying into every corner, sticking his knife into planks and chipping iron rust off stanchions.

"Sound as a bell," said he at last, "so far as I can see. Dive down below, like a good fellow, Paxton, and have a look at the old girl's engines."

"But surely you don't mean it?" asked the other with a laugh. "And anyhow, old as she is and poverty-stricken as she looks, all our available capital wouldn't buy her."

"Don't intend to buy her," replied Mowbray decisively. "We'll borrow her and pay for her out of the pile that we are going to make at Kimberley. Got enough to get coals and tucker with, haven't we? What more do you want?"

"You're a genius," muttered Paxton. "All the same, you'll have us in Darlinghurst Jail if you don't mind."

"Oh, rats!" retorted Mowbray, appropriately enough. "She's got no owner, anyhow, to prosecute. She's an unrealizable asset, to be divided, probably, among fifty people. And what's everybody's business is nobody's, as we all know. They'll never miss her. Why, she's been here for at least four years. However, have it your own way, boys. It shall never be said that I led you into mischief." And when Mowbray thus affirmed, we knew that if we didn't go he'd go alone rather than knuckle down, even if he got no farther than the Heads. So we saw nothing for it but to humor him, for we were mates who never went back on one another. So Paxton dived into the dark and grimy hole where the engines lived.

•

"Engines are all right," reported Paxton presently. "High-pressure and obsolete, but strong—Davidson, of Glasgow. Take a couple of gallons of oil and a day's work, though, before they'll move. Main shaft's an inch thick in rust, and the cylinders want packing."

"Well, you can fix 'em up and drive 'em, can't you?" asked Mowbray.

"Oh, yes," replied Paxton resignedly; "although by profession I'm only a mining engineer, I can do that much. Likewise, I'm not too old to learn the stone-breaking or oakum-picking trades."

"Great Jerusalem!" exclaimed Mowbray, laughing gleefully. "Were there ever such ingrates? Here am I, putting you in a way to make your fortunes, and you only gibe at me. Don't you see, stupids, that we must do something? And that soon. I'm rusting, same as the Lady, here. So are the pair of you. Now, I'll bet you the best dinner in Australia—which isn't, after all, up to very much—that I pull this contract off safe and sound."

"Wager!" exclaimed the pair of us simultaneously. "And let us hope," I added, "that it won't turn out one of hominy."

•

We were all three young in those days!

And now we messed about the old Lady Macquarrie all night without interruption. Mowbray got some two-inch planks and set me to fix up a sort of hatch over the engine-room. An architect, he said, ought to be able to build anything. After that he brought bricks and galvanized iron with which to make a bit of a cooking-place. And all the time he himself was busy bringing in coal—that he got in bags under the pretense of wanting it for a steam yacht—beef, pork and biscuits.

Never shall I forget the night on which, everything being ready for as mad and reckless an expedition as even Mowbray could have invented, we made a start. Of course we had routed out all the foxes and cleaned the old girl down as well as we could. But the men's cabin was stacked up with coal, and the ladies' with a most curious mixture of provisions. Being double-ended, her bow for the time was, of course, the way she was

heading. Mowbray was at one of the wheels, Paxton in the engine-room, and I was standing by as deck-hand, fireman and general roustabout. Steam was up, and smoke was pouring from the long-empty funnel.

"All ready?" shouted Mowbray down the voice tube to Paxton.

"Aye, aye," replied the other.

"Let her go, then." And the old thing, trembling in every fibre of her, answered the thump of her engines with a loud chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff, that made the hills echo again as she moved unwillingly into the stream.

"Merciful Heaven! What's that row?" shouted Mowbray. "Stop it, Paxton! Do you want to rouse Australasia?"

"Chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff," snorted the Lady deliberately, and with emphasis. Clickety-clack-thump went the engines, while the paddles hit the water and smashed it into foam with a noise like big cataracts rushing over a thousand feet of rocks.

•

Mowbray was still yelling to stop the row, and at length Paxton came up, black as a sweep and completely helpless from laughter.

"What's the matter now?" he managed to get out at last, addressing me, startled just as much as Mowbray by the infernal din. "They all do it—these old, high-pressure tubs. I thought you knew. Why, of course, they'll hear us right down the harbor and far out at sea. Go and tell Frank I can't stop her coughing. Indeed, she's rather out of practice from being laid up so long. She'll do better yet."

Mowbray swore when I told him. "Old beast!" said he. "She nearly made me jump overboard, thinking the boiler was going. No fear of a collision, if that's any comfort! All right, Pax, old man; throw her wide open and let her rip!"

But there was no "rip" about the old Lady. All the steam in the world couldn't have knocked more than six out of her. And even at that her ancient frame quivered and groaned and rattled, while bolts and stanchions, loosened by the long drought, asserted themselves in every note of metallic clangor.

"Well," exclaimed Paxton, "if she isn't making a fine show of us I wouldn't say so! I've got sixty-five pounds on, and it strikes me that's quite enough for the boiler. It'd be almost a mercy if Mowbray would pile her up on the Sow and Pigs yonder."

We were just passing that lightship, guarding its pinnacle of rock and reef, and so close that we could plainly see its crew of two as they came up and stared curiously at us.

•

By this time we were lurching about in the strong swell that rolls in between the mile-wide gap of Sydney Heads; and as, for the first time in her life, the Lady gained the open ocean she squattered and bobbed and ducked to the short seas as if begging them to deal gently with a poor old recluse, dragged very unwillingly from her retreat on the calm and placid waters of the inner harbor.

Mowbray, who had been in coasting vessels in many capacities, knew the accepted courses by heart as far as Somerset, which port, however, was his limit. He knew, too, the lay of the land and its marks right along, and, by the help of a second-hand compass and an old chart he'd picked up in a pawnshop, had not the remotest doubt of being able to get through without accident.

Toward morning Paxton brought the Lady to quarter speed, which practically meant just holding her own, and we had a good feed of corned beef, potatoes, tea and bread and butter. Far astern we could see the reflection of the South Head light; on our port hand, quite close, hung the bold loom of the coast to the northward of Narrabeen.

•

After breakfast, Mowbray and Paxton fast asleep, and myself in the little box on the upper deck steering, I noticed a full-rigged ship coming straight for us. All at once she let go her upper topgallant and topsail yards and began to clew up her courses and haul down her staysails, while at her peak fluttered a flag of some sort. However, considering it no business of mine, I kept our course, thus presently bringing her close abeam.

A short, stout man, brown-faced and gray-whiskered, was standing aft, and seeing that I meant passing he roared out: "Hi! hi! tug ahoy; where the deuce are you going to? Back her ahead and stand by for our line!" Seeing that he was laboring under a mistake, I came out of my box and waved my hand to him as we slowly chuffed away.

But he beckoned and stamped and got so excited that I ran down and slowed the engines and woke Mowbray, thinking that perhaps something was wrong. "Now, then," roared the man, hanging over the stern of his ship, "aren't you going to look on? D'ye think I want to ballyrag about the coast for a week in these light winds?"

"Can't you see that we are not a tug, stupid?" replied Mowbray, who had just ascended to the upper deck. "Some people can't tell the difference between a P. & O. boat and a canvas dingey."

"What are you, then? And what are you doing about here, answering my signals, if you aren't a tug?" stormed the other.

"We are—er—er—a first-class excursion steamer," replied Mowbray gravely; "and we're going round to Newcastle on special service to bring the Governor home. And we're bound to time. So long!"

At this a snigger of laughter rose from the fore part of the ship where the crew had congregated, while their Captain, evidently for the first time—so eager had he been to get a towline fast—took a comprehensive stare at our poverty-stricken, wobegone appearance, and with a gesture of disgust roared some orders to his men.

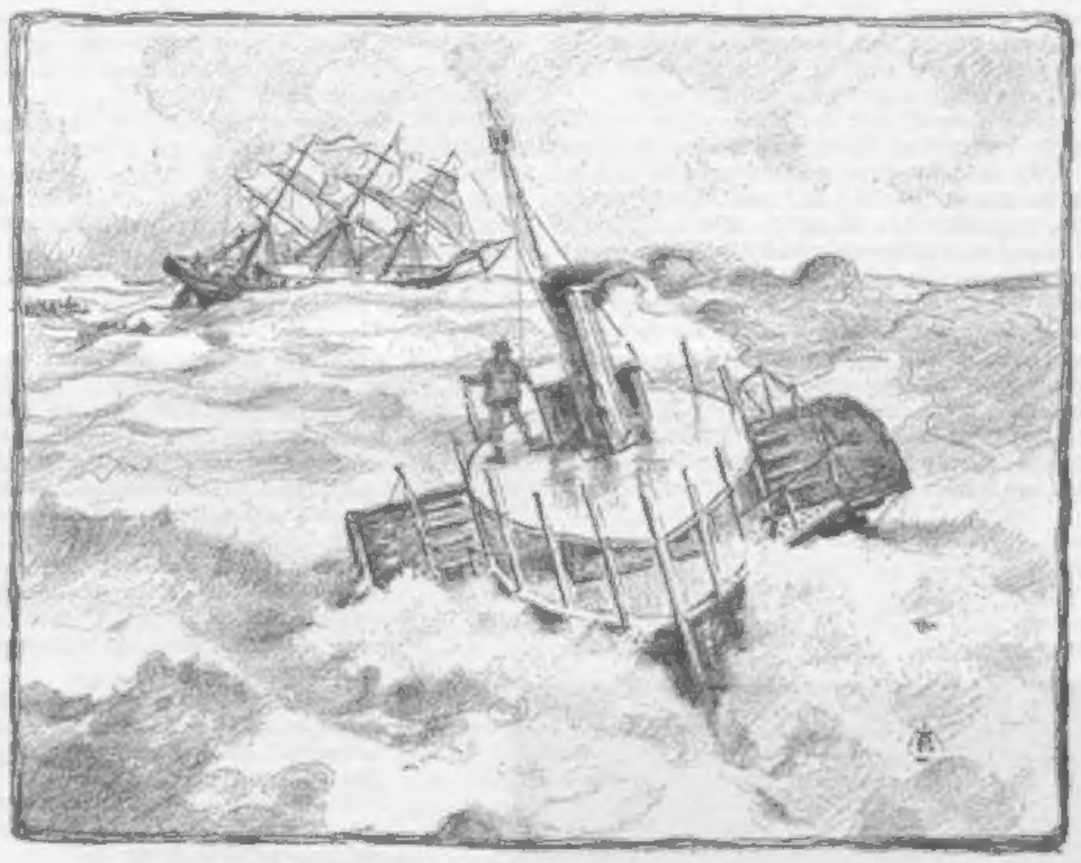
"Full speed ahead!" shouted Mowbray down the tube as well as he could for laughing. And as the ship's yards began to rise off their caps, and sheets and tacks to be hauled aft again, we splashed solemnly off.

"If we go on as we're doing," remarked Mowbray, "we'll make a sensation and excite public curiosity. Good job there's some extraordinary and ancient arks on this coast. Nothing, though, reckon them all round, fit to hold a candle to us. However, let's lie as low as we can, or we may yet again have to submit to the indignity of being taken for a tug."

•

Fine weather prevailing, we flopped along, sometimes pretty close in, but mostly quite away from the steam track, content to see the blue loom of the land, and put in now and again to pick up a mark—a mountain, a promontory, a group of islands, a lighthouse. By day, inside of us, we could sight the trailing smoke of the intercolonial steamers; o' nights their lights came and went. And we began to get quite fond of the old Lady, and forebore to abuse her, or to feel ashamed of her rusty iron and blistered woodwork, ungainly shape and grotesque puffings.

On the evening, however, that we passed Sandy Cape it came on to blow from the eastward with every appearance of a dirty night.



—as we chuffed and snorted toward the ship we were all agog with expectation

Of course we could have run into the bay and sought shelter, as we saw many other vessels doing—steamers, ketches, and schooners. But there was one fatal objection. We had no anchors. Nor apparently had the Lady ever carried any, as there was no provision on board in the shape of a windlass or capstan for ground tackle. Paxton suggested tying her up to a tree somewhere inside. But Mowbray said there were no trees anywhere near the water. Only mangroves, which were bad things to moor to. Actually, therefore, the best thing we could do would be to keep at sea.

In another hour or so we had no option, for the gale hit us and blew us before it like a cork, faster than our engines could ever have sent us. You see, the top-hamper of upper and sun deck caught the wind in great style, and we went sailing away into the Pacific Ocean at a full eight. But presently the sun deck, which was only of galvanized iron, left in a fierce squall that, broad as she was, put the Lady's rail three feet under water. Also a heavy following sea began to rise, and matters began to look uncomfortable, not to say serious.

•

In the men's cabin our remaining precious coal was all washing to and fro in the darkness. Nor could we save it, for as the sea got higher the old girl commenced to wallow and tumble and roll in a fashion that made it as much as a man's life was worth to do anything but hold on grimly up above. Sometimes one paddle-wheel would be racing almost out of the water, then the other would lift, then she'd give a yaw, and, a comber catching her a resounding slap, she'd nearly stop as if to consider the matter, and then, with a stifled, indignant sort of choking grunt, she'd chunk away again. Mowbray was at the wheel and doing his best to keep her before the sea. But good steering was a thing of the past. Her rudders had never been intended, any more than herself, for such weather, and it was as much as she'd do to answer either of them, although we tried them both.

Paxton, of course, had left his grimy hole, or he'd have been drowned with the hatch off, while with it on he'd have been smothered. But at intervals the pair of us would, at the risk of our lives, grope our way below, at times up to our waists in foaming water, and, opening the little scuttle that led to the bunkers and furnace, one, watching his chance, would slip down and stoke.

•

In the little round house, close to which Paxton and I stood, we could see Mowbray's pale face under the wildly swinging lamp as he ground at the wheel and tried to steady her while the gale shrieked past us. Once, as she got clear away from her helm and we rolled heavily between two tall combers that met each other and broke just beneath our feet, covering the boat in a mass of foam, showing pale through the gloom, I heard Paxton shout in my ear, "So long, old man! She's going!" But the next minute the Lady rose in a blind, groping kind of way, as a drowning man rises and fights for breath, and, shaking herself, panted stertorously ahead.

"A tight squeak—that one!" yelled Mowbray. "But we'll get through all right. You couldn't kill her with dynamite!"

Indeed, the man who built her had made faithful work, for many a big ship would have found it hard to take the punishment which was meted out to the despised old ferryboat on that night.

Toward morning the blow seemed to abate somewhat of its fierce vindictiveness, and by sunrise the worst of it was evidently over. All the same, we were still forced to run before, or rather with, the sea. Nor had we more than a vague notion of our position. Steering a course had been quite out of the question during the night. As Mowbray said, he'd had enough to do trying to keep the wind at the back of his head without bothering about the compass. That we were well out in the Pacific seemed a certainty. Also, that unless we could procure coal from somebody we were likely to stay there.

•

To add to our plight, we found that, although the ladies' cabin had withstood the heavy blows of following seas, some of the windows breaking had let the water in and considerably damaged our stock of provisions. Decidedly, it behooved us to keep a bright lookout for assistance in some shape or form before we began, as Paxton said, "to do a perish!"

That evening, however, the weather moderated, and we cleaned and dried our compass, which was badly damaged by salt water getting through the front of the binnacle, whence the glass had long disappeared. Nor, as I have remarked, had we much faith in the instrument itself, for which Mowbray had paid five shillings at an old marine store.

The next morning, at sunrise, Mowbray sighted an object that puzzled us; for though it was undoubtedly a ship, she looked to be ashore in mid-ocean. At first we could only make out her three royals leaning toward us at a sharp angle, exactly as if a sudden squall had caught her before there was time to let fly the halyards. But gradually we rose all her other canvas, and through a pair of old binoculars belonging to Paxton we saw that she was lying over with a heavy list, and that she was quite motionless.

"On a reef, by Jingo!" exclaimed Mowbray; "must be a part of the Great Barrier. Look, there's a patch of broken water beyond her again. And she's got a flag at half-mast! Red, white, blue! French, by Jupiter! Fire up, Pax, old man, and don't spare the coal now! I've got a notion there's money in this. Oh, the luck of it!—the luck of it!"

Our leader's excitement was contagious, and as we chuffed and snorted toward the ship we were all agog with expectation, for, as might be easily seen, neither by aid of canvas nor of boats could the vessel be got to move an inch.

"Now," said Mowbray, "if the old Lady can pull John Crapaud out of that mess we're made merchants. Can she pull, Pax?"

"Better than she can steam," replied the engineer with a grin. "She's about thirty-five horse-power, I should say, and I'll make her do all I know or shift something. Can you speak French, Mowbray?"

"Not a syllable," replied the other. "Can't you or Iredale? No? Well, never mind. Trust me with the contract and I'll do my best to put it through. Spare me enough steam to let her know we mean biz," and he jerked the syren string, causing the Lady to utter a long, wild shriek, that rang out across the sea like the despairing wail of some mammoth curlew.

•

As we ranged alongside a smart-looking, white-painted iron ship of about eight or nine hundred tons, a crowd of faces peered at us over the lee rail, and we were greeted by a perfect Babel of voices. Her yards were trimmed against the wind, and every sail was flat aback; but her nose was stuck hard and fast, although she was evidently afloat aft.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed Mowbray. "You've got into a nice fix there? What'll you give us to pull you off?"

"Yaze, yaze," shouted a man, vehemently throwing up his arms and staring at us with a face of wonder, as well he might. "Pull off, pull off," and he signed to some of the raving lunatics, six of whom immediately scuttled round, and by their united endeavors threw us a small heaving-line.

"For Heaven's sake!" yelled Mowbray, "keep those men quiet, can't you? I can't hear myself speak. Look here; we'll drag you out of that for £500."

But if the din had been great before, it was now simply outrageous. Every one on board seemed to be shouting at once. "They understand all right," said Mowbray grimly. "And, by Heaven, they'd better look sharp. See, she's beginning to bump pretty heavily to this easterly swell. There'll be plates to mend presently."

•

The man who had first replied to our hail was at the gangway—a dark-whiskered, scrubby-haired, bullet-headed customer,—and he wrung his hands and screamed, "*Sacré nom! Oh-h-h! Voleur! Cochon anglais!*"

"What's that?" asked Mowbray, pricking up his ears. "Cochon's Pig, ain't it? All right, Mounseer! Stern easy, Pax, and we'll gammon to clear."

But as the paddles revolved the fellow roared: "Vate! Von leedle vile!" and rushed away, returning in a few minutes with a tall, very thin man, whose feeble steps and pallid features spoke of recent severe illness. There was silence as he came to the side and said to Mowbray in very good English: "I am part owner of this unfortunate vessel, sir. In addition to being sick with fever, I was up all last night and had fallen so fast asleep that I did not hear of your approach. My Captain here (pointing to the dark man) tells me that you ask £500 for pulling us off the reef. He thinks, too, that is a prodigious sum; far too much."

"Your Captain makes a mistake, sir," replied Mowbray, politely lifting his cap. "Seven hundred pounds is the sum. It was five originally. But he called me an English pig just now. Presently I shall go away altogether, and you will lose your ship."

The man stared up at the sky and around for a while. Then he said: "I suppose you know ships don't usually carry any quantity of cash. How am I to pay you, even if you do succeed?"

"Where are you from and bound to?" asked Mowbray.

"Saigon to Melbourne," replied the other, "with tea and part of original cargo from Marseilles."

"And your agents?" asked Mowbray.

"Meteyer & Sons," replied the other, "Melbourne and Noumea."

•

"That'll do admirably," said Mowbray; "I know the firm well, and the head of it personally. Now look here! You give me your order, payable at sight and duly witnessed, on Meteyer & Sons for £700 and I'll save your ship and cargo. Why, you're getting off cheaply. The Admiralty Court would award us a couple of thousand. But we don't want to go to law over the business. We've come a long way from home on the chance of a job, and had a pretty rough time of it, as you can see. And we're in a hurry

to get back again. Now is it a bargain, or shall we leave you to yourselves?"

"It's a bargain," replied the other. "Pull us off, and you shall have your order."

"What water have you got for'ard?" Mowbray sang out to the Captain. But the other only shook his head.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mowbray. "And he calls himself a sailor! Made him pay for his pig, though—eh, lads? Teach him manners next time. But, Paxton, make the old cow scratch gravel!" he whispered hoarsely. "I can see he don't think we can do it. Let's show him his mistake. Take the ax and break up the seats, Iredale; they're varnished, and'll burn like kerosene."

Very fortunately for us there were two pairs of big iron bollards on each side amidships, that had been used in making her fast to wharves and landing-places. And from each pair we now led a steel hawser running from the Ville de Nantes' quarters.

•

"Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" exclaimed Mowbray as the tethered Lady strained and panted and snorted and lashed the water into swirling mounds of froth, and I chopped up seats and handed them down to Paxton. "Send her, boys! She's not at her top yet, surely? Seven—hun—dred pounds! That'll be £233 each and a pound over for the skipper!"

The engines rattled and clashed in a mad fashion we'd never heard before, while the boat groaned in every plank of her. Evidently something had to go or come presently.

"There!" said Paxton, coming up wiping his wet, black face. "She's got more steam on than the bloomin' gage will register, anyhow. Better get out of the way, because, in the nature of things, that boiler can't stand much more. The last coal's in, too. By Heaven, look at that wire! It was never 'made in Germany.' Bet your life on that!"

And, indeed, under the tremendous strain, the big steel rope was slowly being stretched till the "lay" of it was straightening, and the strands beginning to stick up broken ends like bristles on a worn-out brush. "Heavenly sailor!" groaned Mowbray suddenly. "It's all up with us! Look at those cursed bollards drawing! And there's nothing else that could begin to hold her!"

•

And as we watched with blank faces we saw that all four of them were slowly but surely bending over and ripping the deck planking as they bent and drew by inches at a time.

Then a shrill cheer came from the ship, and with a sudden rush the Ville came at us full pelt, and would have destroyed us there and then, only that, released from the terrible strain, the Lady tore wildly ahead, actually for a few minutes whirling the big vessel after her like a straw. Then the port hawser parted, and, watching my chance, I knocked the other off the now nearly horizontal bollard.

"God bless you, old girl!" exclaimed Mowbray as soon as he could make his voice heard, patting her salt-encrusted side affectionately. "I knew it would take something better than a Frenchman to stop you, once you got properly on your tail."

But the Frenchmen had completely changed their attitude. Nothing now was too good for us. Provisions, coal, water—anything we wished for we were welcome to. Besides, a hearty luncheon was spread for us in the saloon. And yet, would you believe it? they never, until Mowbray inquired, thought of sounding their pumps to ascertain whether, after nearly twenty-four hours of sticking on a reef, she was making water or not! Fortunately she turned out to be as tight as a drum.

By comparing compasses we discovered, too, that we were over a hundred miles west by south, or southwest by our compass, from that same coast, and that the nearest land was still Sandy Cape. Armed with this fact, we left quite assured, more especially as we had resolved to return to Sydney and thence journey to the diggings in the legitimate manner we could now well afford. Besides, as men of substance, the theft of the Lady Macquarrie began to hang uncomfortably on our consciences. And presently, as the Ville bore up on a due-south course, we chunked off for that land out of sight of which we felt by no means comfortable.

•

We made Cape Byron in safety; and a fortnight saw the Lady at her old moorings again in Blue Pointer; and we set up our tent once more on the little beach.

Truth to tell, each of us three had our doubts about that order of the French owner's—doubts, however, that we hid securely in our own breasts. And I think that one of our greatest surprises was when Mowbray returned from Melbourne (whither he worked his way as third assistant second-class steward of the Burrumbeet) with a banking account and a pocketbook full of money. There had been no trouble at all, Meteyer & Sons paying promptly when they read the letter accompanying the order.

And we stood him that dinner that we had never dreamed of being called on to pay for.

Also, in deference to some scruples about the borrowing of the Lady, we made careful inquiries as to her owners. But finding that at least one hundred and fifty people claimed an interest in her, we decided not to disturb them. She still lies mouldering in the quiet haven between the steep hills, that keep all rude winds and waters from her. And at intervals I run down from the busy city and sit on her sides and fish, and think of the high old times we had on that hare-brained cruise of ours that ended in so much better fashion than we deserved.

MATTERS BEGAN TO LOOK UNCOMFORTABLE, NOT TO SAY SERIOUS

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XVIII

EDITH will be down in a very few moments," Miss Madden assured Thorpe that evening when he entered the drawing-room of the house she had taken in Grafton Street.

He looked into her eyes and smiled as he bowed over the hand she extended to him. His glance expressed with forceful directness his thought: "Ah, then, she has told you!"

"I'm not disposed to pretend that I'm overjoyed about it, you know," she said to him bluntly, as their hands dropped and they stood facing each other. "If I said I congratulated you—or her, either—it would be only the emptiest form. And I hate empty forms."

"Why should you think that I won't make a good husband?" Thorpe asked the question with a good-natured if peremptory frankness, which came most readily to him in the presence of this American lady, herself so outspoken and masterful.

"I don't know that I specially doubt it," she replied. "I suppose any man has in him the makings of what is called a good husband—if the conditions are sufficiently propitious."

"Well, then, what's the matter with the conditions?" he demanded jocosely.

"Oh, I have no wish to be a kill-joy," she protested. "I'm sure I hope all manner of good results from the—the experiment."

•

"I suppose that's what it comes to," he said meditatively. "It's all an experiment. Every marriage in the world must be that—neither more nor less."

"With all the experience of the ages against its coming out right." She had turned to move toward a chair, but looked now over her shoulder at him. "Have you ever seen what seemed to you an absolutely happy marriage in your life?"

Upon reflection he shook his head. "I don't recall one on the spur of the minute," he confessed. "Not the kind, I mean, that you read about in books. But I've seen plenty where the couple got along together in a good, easy, comfortable sort of way, without a notion of any sort of unpleasantness. It's people who marry too young who do most of the fighting, I imagine. After people have got to a sensible age, and know what they want and what they can get along without, why, then there's no reason for any trouble. We don't start out with any schoolboy and schoolgirl moonshine——"

"Oh, there's a good deal to be said for the moonshine," she interrupted him, as she sank upon the sofa.

"Why, certainly," he assented amiably, as he stood looking down at her. "The more there is of it the better—if it comes naturally, and people know enough to understand that it *is* moonshine, and isn't the be-all and end-all of everything."

"There's a lover for you!" Miss Madden cried with mirth and derision mingled in her laugh.

"Don't you worry about me," he told her. "I'm a good enough lover, all right. And when you come to that, if Edith is satisfied I don't precisely see what——"

•

"What business it is of mine?" she finished the sentence for him. "You're entirely right. As you say, *if* she's satisfied no one else has anything to do with it."

"But have you got any right to assume that she isn't satisfied?" he asked her with swift directness—"or any reason for supposing it?"

Miss Madden shook her head, but the negation seemed qualified by the whimsical smile she gave him. "None whatever," she said, and on the instant the talk was extinguished by the entrance of Lady Cressage.

"I have kept you waiting," she murmured.

The soft sound of her voice came to his ears as from a distance. It bore an unfamiliar note, upon the strangeness of which he dwelt for a detached instant. Then its meaning broke in upon his consciousness from all sides, and lighted up his heavy face with the glow of a conqueror's self-centred smile. He noted with a controlled exaltation how her glance deferred to his, and fluttered beneath it, and shrank away. He squared his big shoulders and lifted his head.

Still holding her jeweled hand in his, he turned and led her toward the sofa. Halting, he bowed with an exaggerated genuflection and flourish of his free hand to Miss Madden, the while he flashed at her a glance at once of challenge and of deprecation. Through the sensitized contact of the other hand he felt that the woman he held bowed also, and in his own spirit of confused defiance and entreaty. The laugh he gave then seemed to dispel the awkwardness which had momentarily hung over the mocking salutation.

•

Miss Madden laughed, too. "Oh, I surrender," she said. "You drag congratulations from me."

Some quality in the tone of this ungracious speech had the effect of putting the party at its ease. Lady Cressage seated herself beside her friend on the sofa, and gently, abstractedly patted one of her hands. Thorpe remained on his feet, looking down at the pair with satisfied cheerfulness. He took a slip of paper from his pocket to support a statement he was making.

"I'm forever telling you what a strain the city is on a man in my position," he said, "and to-day I had the curiosity to keep an account of what happened. Here it is. I had thirty callers. Of those, how many do you suppose came to see me on my own business? Just eight. That is to say, their errands were about investments of mine, but most of them managed to get in some word about axes of their own to grind. All the rest made no pretense at all of thinking about anybody but themselves. Isn't that a dog's life for one?"

"I don't know," said Miss Madden contemplatively. "A lady may have twice that number of callers in an afternoon—quite as great strangers, to all intents and purposes—and not even have the satisfaction of discovering that they had any object whatever in calling. At least, your people had some motive; the gray matter in their brain was working. And besides, one of them might have had something to say which you would value. I don't think that ever happens among a lady's callers. Does it, Edith?"

Edith smiled pleasantly and yet a little wistfully, but said nothing.

•

"At any rate," Thorpe went on, with a kind of purpose gathering in his eyes, "none of those fellows cost me anything, except in time. But then I had three callers, almost in a bunch, and one of them took out of me £30,000, and another £15,000, and the third—an utter stranger he was—he got an absolute gratuity of £10,000, besides my consent to a sale which, if I had refused it, would have stood me in forty or fifty thousand pounds more. You ladies may thank your stars you don't have that kind of callers!"

The sound of these figures in the air brought a constrained look to the faces of the women. Seemingly they confronted a subject which was not to their liking. The American, however, after a moment's pause, took it up in an indifferent manner.

"You speak of an 'absolute gratuity.' I know nothing of London methods, but isn't £10,000 a gratuity on a rather large scale?"

Thorpe hesitated briefly, then smiled, and with slow deliberation drew up a chair and seated himself before them. "Perhaps I don't mind telling you about it," he began, and paused again. "I had a letter in my mail this morning," he went on at last, giving a sentimental significance to both tone and glance—"a letter which changed everything in the world for me and made me the proudest and happiest man above ground. And I put that letter in my pocket, right here on the left side—and it's there now, for that matter——" He put his hand to his breast, and then stopped and flushed.

The ladies, watching him, seemed by their eyes to condone the awkwardness of the demonstration which had tempted him. There was, indeed, a kind of approving interest in their joint regard which he had not experienced before.

•

"I had it in my pocket," he resumed with an accession of mellow emotion in his voice, "and none of the callers ever got my thoughts very far from that letter. And one of these was an old man—a French banker who must be seventy years old, but dyes his hair a kind of purple-black—and it seems that his nephew had got the firm into a kind of scrape, selling 2000 of my shares when he hadn't got them to sell, and couldn't get them—and the old man came to beg me to let him out at present market figures.

"He got Lord Chaldon—he's my Chairman, you know—to bring him to me, and

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

introduce him as his friend, and plead for him—but I don't think that, by itself, would have budged me an atom. But then the old man told how he was just able to scrape together money enough to buy the shares he needed at the ruling price, and he happened to mention that his niece's marriage portion would have to be sacrificed.

"Well, then, do you know, that letter in my pocket said something to me. . . . And—well, that's the story. The girl's portion, I wormed it out of him, was ten thousand . . . and I struck that much off the figure that I allowed him to buy his shares, and save his firm, for . . . It was all the letter that did it, mind you!"

He concluded the halting narrative amid a marked silence. The ladies looked at him and at each other, but they seemed surprised out of their facility of comment. In this kind of flustered hush the door was opened and dinner was announced.

Miss Madden welcomed the diversion by rising with ostentatious vigor. "I will take myself out," she declared with cheerful promptness, leading the way. Lady Cressage took the arm Thorpe offered her, and gave no token of comprehending that her wrist was being caressingly pressed against his side as they moved along.

•

At the little table shining in the centre of the dark, cool dining-room talk moved idly about among general topics. A thunderstorm broke over the town at an early stage of the dinner, and the sound of the rushing downpour through the open windows, and the breath of freshness which stirred the jaded air, were pleasanter than any speech. Thoughts roved intuitively countryward, where the long-needed rain would be dowering the landscape with new life—where the earth at sunrise would be green again, and buoyant in reawakened energy and redolent with the perfumes of sweetest summer. They spoke of the fields and the moors with the longing of tired townfolk in August.

"Oh, when I get away," said Thorpe fervently, "it seems to me that I don't want ever to come back. These last few weeks have got terribly on my nerve. And really—why should I come back? I've been asking myself the question—more to-day than ever before. Of course, everything has been different to-day. But if I'm to get any genuine good out of my—my fortune, I must pull away from the city altogether some time—and why not now?

"Of course, some important things are still open—and they have to be watched night and day; but after all, Semple—that's my broker—he could do it for me. At the

Lady Cressage took the arm Thorpe offered her, and gave no token of comprehending that her wrist was being caressingly pressed against his side as they moved along

most, it won't last more than another six weeks. There is a settlement day next week, the 15th, and another a fortnight after, on the 29th, and another on September 12th. Well, those three days, if they're worked as I intend they shall be, and nothing unforeseen happens, will bring in over £400,000, and close the corner in Rubber Consols.

"Then I need never see the city again, thank Heaven! And for that matter—why, what is six weeks? It's like to-morrow. I'm going to act as if I were free already. The rain fills me full of the country. Will you both come with me to-morrow or next day and see the Pellesley place in Hertfordshire? By the photographs it's the best thing in the market. The newest parts of it are Tudor—and that's what I've always wanted."

"How unexpected you are!" commented Miss Madden. "You are almost the last person I should have looked to for a sentiment about Tudor foundations."

Thorpe put out his lips a trifle. "Ah, you don't know me," he replied in a voice milder than his look had promised. "Because I'm rough and practical you mustn't think I don't know good things when I see them. Why, all the world is going to have living proof very soon"—he paused, and sent a smile surcharged with meaning toward the silent member of the trio—"living proof that I'm the greatest judge of perfection in beauty of my time."

•

"Oh, I think I do know you," said Celia Madden, calmly discursive. "Up to a certain point you are not so unlike other men. If people appeal to your imagination and do not contradict you or bore you or get in your way, you are capable of being very nice indeed to them. But that isn't a very uncommon quality. What is uncommon in you—at least, that is my reading—is something which according to circumstances may be nice, or very much the other way about. It's something which stands quite apart from standards of morals or ethics or the ordinary emotions. But I don't know whether it is desirable for me to enter into this extremely personal analysis."

"Oh, yes, go on," Thorpe urged her. He watched her face with an almost excited interest.

"Well, I should say that you possessed a capacity for sudden and capricious action in large matters, equally impatient of reasoning and indifferent to consequences, which might be very awkward, and even tragic, to people who happened to annoy you or stand in your road. You have the kind of organization in which, within a second, without any warning or reason, a passing whim may have worked itself up into an imperative law—something you must obey."

The man smiled and nodded approvingly: "You've got me down fine," he said.

•

"I talk with a good deal of confidence," she went on, with a cheerless, ruminative little laugh, "because it is my own organization that I am describing, too. The difference is that I was allowed to exploit my capacities for mischief very early. I had my own way in my teens—my own money, my own power—of course, only of a certain sort, and in a very small place. But I know what I did with that power. I spread trouble and misery about me—of course, on a small scale.

"Then a group of things happened in a kind of climax—a very painful climax, and it shook the nonsense out of me. My brother and my father died—some other sobering things happened—and luckily I was still young enough to stop short, and take stock of myself, and say that there were certain paths I would never set foot on again—and stick to it. But with you—do you see?—power only comes to you when you are a mature man. Experiences, no matter how unpleasant they are, will not change you now. You will not be moved by this occurrence or that to distrust yourself, or reconsider your methods, or form new resolutions. Oh, no! Power will be terrible in your hands, if people whom you can injure provoke you to cruel courses——"

"Oh, dear, dear!" broke in Lady Cressage. "What a distressing Mrs. Gummidge-Cassandra you are, Celia! Pray stop it!"

"No; she's right enough," said Thorpe gravely. "That's the kind of man I am."

He seemed so profoundly interested in the contemplation of this portrait which had been drawn of him that the others respected his reflective silence.

"It seems to me that's the only kind of man it's worth while to be," he added at last, still speaking with thoughtful deliberation. "There's nothing else in the world so big as power—strength. If you have that you can get everything else. But if you have it and don't use it, then it rusts and decays on your hands. It's like a thoroughbred horse; you can't keep it idle in the stable. If you don't exercise it, you lose it. There was a case of it to-day," he said, and then paused.

•

"Precisely," put in Miss Madden. "The fact that some Frenchwoman of whom you had never heard before was going to lose her marriage portion caught your attention, and on the instant you presented her with $50,000—an exercise of power which happens to be on the generous side, but still entirely unreasoning and not deserving of any intellectual respect. And here's the point: if it had happened that somebody else chanced to produce an opposite impression upon you, you would have been capable of taking $50,000 away from him with just as light a heart."

Thorpe's face beamed with repressed amusement. "As a matter of fact, it was that kind of case I was going to mention. I wasn't referring to the girl and her marriage portion. A young man came to me to-day—came into my room all cock-a-hoop, smiling to himself with the notion that he had only to name what he wanted and I would give it to him—and——"

•

He stopped abruptly with a confused little laugh. He had been upon the brink of telling about Lord Plowden's discomfiture, and even now the story itched upon his tongue. It cost him an effort to put the narrative aside, the while he pondered the arguments which had suddenly reared themselves against publicity. When at last he spoke it was with a glance of conscious magnanimity toward the lady who had consented to be his wife.

"Never mind," he said lightly. "There wasn't much to it. The man annoyed me, somehow—and he didn't get what he came for—that's all."

"But he was entitled to get it?" asked Celia Madden.

Thorpe's lips pouted over a reply. "Well—no," he said with a kind of reluctance. "He got strictly what he was entitled to—precisely what I had promised him—and he wrung up his nose at that, and then I actually gave him £15,000 he wasn't entitled to at all."

"I hardly see what it proves, then," Edith Cressage remarked, and the subject dropped.

Some two hours later Thorpe took his departure. It was not until he was getting into the hansom which had been summoned that it all at once occurred to him that he had not for a moment been alone with his betrothed. Upon reflection, as the cab sped smoothly forward, this seemed odd to him. He decided finally that there was probably some social rule about such things which he didn't understand.

•

In the drawing-room of the house in Grafton Street which he had quitted, the two ladies sat with faces averted from each other in constrained silence.

Edith Cressage rose at last and took a few aimless steps with her hands at her hair. "Well, I'm embarked—fairly under way!" she said in almost provocative tones.

"I don't at all know what to say," her companion replied slowly. "I fancy that you exaggerate my disapproval. Perhaps it ought not even to be called disapproval at all. It is only that I am puzzled—and a little frightened."

"Oh, I am frightened, too," said the other, but with eagerness rather than trepidation in her voice. "That is why I did not give you the signal to leave us alone. I couldn't quite get up the nerve for it. But would you believe it?—that is one of the charms of the thing. There is an excitement about it that exhilarates me. To get happiness through terror—you can't understand that, can you?"

"I'm trying. I think I'm beginning to understand," said Miss Madden vaguely.

"Did you ever set yourself to comprehending why Marie Stuart married Bothwell?" asked Edith, looking down upon the other with illuminating fixity. "You have it all—all there. Marie got tired of the smooth people, the usual people. There was the promise of adventure and risk and peril, and the grand emotions with the big, dark brute."

"It isn't a happy story—this parallel that you pick out," commented Celia absently.

"Happy! Pah!" retorted Edith with spirit. "Who knows if it wasn't the only really happy thing in her life? The snobs and prigs all scold her and preach sermons at her—they did it in her lifetime; they do it now——"

"Oh, come, I'm neither a snob nor a prig," put in Celia, looking up in her turn, and tempering with a smile the energy of her tone. "I don't blame her for her Bothwell; I don't criticise her. I never was even able to mind about her killing Darnley. You see, I take an extremely liberal view—one might almost call it broad. But if I had been one of her ladies—her bosom friends—say Catherine Seton—and she had talked with me about it—I think I should have confessed to some forebodings—some little misgivings as to her future."

•

"And do you know what she would have said?" Edith's swift question, put with a glowing face and a confident voice, had in it the ring of assured triumph. "She would have answered you: 'My dearest girl, all my life I have done what other people told me to do. In my childhood I was given in marriage to a criminal idiot. In my premature widowhood I was governed by a committee of scoundrels of both sexes until another criminal idiot was imposed upon me as a second husband. My own personality has never had the gleam of a chance. I have never yet done any single thing because I wanted to do it. Between, first, my politician-mother and her band of tonsured swindlers, and then my cantankerous brother and his crew of snarling and sour-minded preachers, and all the Court liars and parasites and spies that both sides surrounded me with, I have lived an existence that isn't life at all. I purport to be a woman, but I have never been suffered to see a genuine man. And now here is one—or what I think to be one—and I'm given to understand that he is a pirate and a murderer and an unspeakable ruffian generally; but he takes my fancy, and he has beckoned to me to come to him, and so you will kindly get me my hat and jacket and gloves.' That's what she would have said to you, my dear."

"And I," said Celia, rising after a moment's pause and putting her hand upon Edith's arm—"I would have answered, 'Dearest lady, in whatever befalls, I pray you never to forget that I am, to the end, your fond and devoted and loyal servant.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Never mind," he said lightly. "There wasn't much to it. The man annoyed me, somehow—and he didn't get what he came for—that's all"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

April 15, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

Hurry, the Scourge of America

THE first sermon in the world was preached at the Creation. It was a Divine protest against Hurry. It was a Divine object lesson of perfect law, perfect plan, perfect order, perfect method. Six days of work carefully planned, scheduled and completed were followed by—rest. Whether we accept the story as literal or as figurative, as the account of successive days or ages comprising millions of years, matters little if we but learn the lesson.

Nature is very un-American. Nature never hurries. Every phase of her working shows plan, calmness, reliability, and the absence of hurry. Hurry always implies lack of definite method, confusion, impatience of slow growth. The Tower of Babel, the world's first sky-scraper, was a failure because of hurry. They mistook their arrogant ambition for inspiration. They had too many builders—and no architect. They thought to make up the lack of a head by a superfluity of hands. This is a characteristic of Hurry. Hurry seeks ever to make energy a substitute for a clearly defined plan—the result is ever as hopeless as trying to transform a hobby-horse into a steed by brisk riding.

Hurry is a counterfeit of haste. Haste has an ideal, a distinct aim to be realized by the quickest, direct methods. Haste has a single compass upon which it relies for direction and in harmony with which its course is determined. Hurry says: "I must move faster. I will get three compasses; I will have them different; I will be guided by all of them. One of them will probably be right." Hurry never realizes that slow, careful foundation work is the quickest in the end.

•

Hurry has ruined more Americans than has any other word in the vocabulary of life. Hurry is the scourge of America. It is both a cause and a result of our high-pressure civilization. Hurry adroitly assumes so many masquerades of disguise that its identity is not always recognized.

Hurry always pays the highest price for everything, and, usually, the goods are not delivered. In the race for wealth men often sacrifice time, energy, health, home, happiness and honor—everything that money cannot buy, the very things that money can never bring back. Hurry is a phantom of paradoxes. Business men, in their desire to provide for the future happiness of their family, often sacrifice the present happiness of wife and children on the altar of Hurry. They forget that their place in the home should be something greater than being merely "the man that pays the bills."

We hear too much of a wife's duties to a husband and too little of the other side of the question. "The wife," they tell us, "should meet her husband with a smile and a kiss, should tactfully watch his moods and be ever sweetness and sunshine." Why this continual swinging of the censer of devotion to the man of business? Why should a woman have to look up with timid glance at the face of her husband, to "size up his mood"? Has not her day, too, been one of care, and responsibility, and watchfulness? Has not mother-love been working over perplexing problems and worries of home and of the training of the children that wifely love may make her seek to solve in secret? Is man, then, the weaker sex that he must be pampered and treated as tenderly as a boil trying to keep from contact with the world?

In their hurry to attain some ambition, to gratify the dream of a life, men often throw honor, truth, generosity to the winds. Politicians dare to stand by and see a city poisoned with foul water until they "see where they come in" on a water-works appropriation. If it be necessary to poison an Army—that, too, is but an incident in the Hurry for wealth.

This is the age of the hothouse. The element of natural growth is pushed to one side and the hothouse and the force-pump are substituted. Nature looks on tolerantly as she says: "So far you may go, but no farther, my foolish children."

The educational system of to-day is a monumental institution dedicated to Hurry. The children are forced to go through a series of studies that sweep the circle of all human wisdom. They are given everything that the ambitious ignorance of the age can force into their minds; they are taught everything but the essentials—how to use their senses and how to think. Their minds become congested by a great mass of undigested facts, and still the cruel, barbarous forcing goes on. You watch it until it seems you cannot stand it a moment longer, and you instinctively put out your hand and say: "Stop! This modern slaughter of the Innocents must *not* go on!" Education smiles suavely, waves her hand complacently toward her thousands of knowledge-prisons over the country, and says: "Who are you that dares speak a word against our sacred school system?" Education is in a hurry. Because she fails in fifteen years to do what half the time should accomplish by better methods, she should not be too boastful. Incompetence is not always a reason for pride. And they hurry the children into a hundred text-books, then into ill-health, then into the colleges, then into a diploma, then into life—with a dazed mind untrained and unfitted for the duties of living.

Hurry is the death-blow to calmness, to dignity, to poise. The old-time courtesy went out when the new-time hurry came in. Hurry is the father of dyspepsia. In the rush of our national life, the bolting of food has become a national vice. The words "Quick lunches" might properly be placed on thousands of headstones in our cemeteries. Man forgets that he is the only animal that dines; the others merely feed. Why does man abrogate his right to dine and go to the end of the line with the mere feeders? His self-respecting stomach rebels, and expresses its indignation by indigestion. Then man has to go through life with a little bottle of pepsin tablets in his vest-pocket. He is but another victim to Hurry. Hurry means the breakdown of the nerves. It is the royal road to nervous prostration.

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth—the newer, and greater, and higher, and nobler the work, the slower is its growth, the surer is its lasting success. Mushrooms attain their full power in a night; oaks require decades. A fad lives its life in a few weeks; a philosophy lives through generations and centuries. If you are sure you are right, do not let the voice of the world, or of friends, or of family swerve you for a moment from your purpose. Accept slow growth if it must be slow, and know the results *must* come, as you would accept the night—with absolute assurance that the heavy-leaded moments *must* bring the morning.

Let us as individuals banish the word "hurry" from our lives. Let us care for nothing so much that we would pay honor and self-respect as the price of hurrying it. Let us cultivate calmness, restfulness, poise, sweetness—doing our best, bearing all things as bravely as we can; living our life undisturbed by the prosperity of the wicked or the malice of the envious. Let us not be impatient, chafing at delay, fretting over failure, wearying over results, and weakening under opposition. Let us ever turn our face toward the future with confidence and trust, with the calmness of a life in harmony with itself, true to its ideals, and slowly and constantly progressing toward their realization.

Let us see that cowardly word Hurry in all its most degenerating phases, let us see that it ever kills truth, loyalty, thoroughness; and let us determine that day by day we will seek more and more to substitute for it the calmness and repose of a true life, nobly lived. —WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

• • •

The Unsentimental Side of the Trust

WHATEVER else may be said of the combination of active capital which has curiously enough come to be known as a "trust," it seems indisputable that its influence tends toward the extraction of the human element from business affairs. The truth is purely a system—more impersonal, indeed, than the corporation, which so long as there was competition was to some extent responsive to the sentiments of its patrons.

The man who has a grievance against a trust finds nothing but a system to which to appeal, and has no redress in the way of punishment if his appeal shall not be effective. His complaint, if listened to at all, is heard by an official appointed by the trust for the purpose of giving such matters a mechanical attention. That official is not responsible to the patron, but to the trust. He runs no risk of personal discomfort or loss if he turns a deaf ear to the patron; his only danger lies in the opposite direction—that of giving serious heed to the patron, and so inflicting trouble upon the trust. If he is an official of a diplomatic trust he is suave and courteous, not because he feels so, but because he has been hired to act so; but if he is an employee of the average combine he simply records the complaint with the finality of a cash register, and requests the next gentleman with a grievance to step forward and state his case. For the dismissed complainant there is no remedy; like the hero of Ben King's pessimistic poem, he has "nowhere to go but out."

•

It is perhaps this lesson so continuously borne in upon the people that they cannot in any way modify the decree of the trust—that there is no escape from its impersonal verdict in matters of mutual business relationship—which is responsible for the greater part of the public outcry against the combination of capital. The American citizen feels keenly in such a case the loss of individual freedom. He has been trained to believe that certain concessions are due to him as a person from those whose wares or commodities he purchases. Before the arrival of the trust he was essentially the party of the first part. Merchants catered to him, and were quick to respond to his complaints.

Corporations, so long as there was rivalry between them, conferred upon him favors which were a balm to his self-esteem—a recognition that he and not they was the repository of power. The entire class of sellers—all those who offered wares in the market-place—were tacitly at his feet; it was his to reward them for kind and generous treatment by conferring or continuing his patronage, or to punish them for discourtesy by refusing or withdrawing it.

The shifting of attitudes caused by the upspringing of the trust is in this respect little short of revolutionary. The man who has so long been ruler suddenly finds himself shorn of power. He does not complain, perhaps, of the dollar-and-cent aspect of the situation, for it often happens that he is financially a beneficiary of the change; what he does always rebel against is the loss of personal prestige.

The American buyer would probably be glad to pay an advanced price on his commodities for the sake of dealing with a human agency—of returning to the halcyon days when competition made him, in a sense, a King. —FRED NYE.

• • •

At the Threshold of a New Age

WAR, being the great promoter of death, has a way of turning our attention to life; and the more we observe life the finer becomes our sense of art. At this moment, therefore, when all eyes are fixed upon distant military operations, and all hearts are timing their throbs to the pulse of remote cannon, there is a perceptible freshening and quickening of art currents. Doubtless it would be difficult to point out with certainty the evidences of this change. The beginnings of a new period are always nebulous and elusive, until the many lines of impulse come together into one strong current bearing everything before it.

Whatever may be said for or against the national policy of expansion, no mind will be so conservative as to regard with disfavor a movement toward a truer and stronger conception of art and a broader and fresher field of expression. If we can get out of the worn ruts into the free, open spaces where thought is not forced to repeat itself through monotonies of time-worn word and phrase, we shall achieve once more an epoch of literature and art. The shock of war somehow breaks the spell of the commonplace and opens new vistas. The most realistic of all human experiences casts off the shackles from imagination, renewing the ancient poetic vision, so that after each great war comes a regeneration of art.

It may be claimed that our war with Spain has not been a great war; but, upon second thought, we discover that, small as the military operations appear when measured by the wars of Cæsar or Napoleon, the result is likely to surpass in world-wide significance what followed any of the Old World struggles. A small spark of reforming energy thrills a long way through a ready medium. We were waiting for the welcome charge. Life had lapsed into the lowlands of serene degeneracy, so far as noble and original aspirations were concerned, while literature and art, always the reflection of life, partook of the monotony of artificial existence, becoming as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

•

The mere fact that war has forced upon us consideration of large possibilities, that we have been lifted upon a sudden billow of excitement to see afar off strange horizons and immense fields of new experience, has loosed in us what long years of peace, trade and conventional routine had sealed from our imaginations. It is as if, sailing on a calm sea and sleeping through the eventless voyage, we had been suddenly shocked awake by a broadside salute, and, opening our eyes, saw all the wonders of a new heaven and a recreated earth. We may be somewhat dazed and confused for a while; but the wholesome, invigorating thrill will surely send its freshening effect into life and literature. We feel this already, not so much in what has been done in art as in the change of taste, in the little flaws of tentative impulse toward a new artistic point of view.

It would be a profitable event of the war if it should but eliminate from literature the unwholesome elements injected by the conditions and influences attendant upon a long, unhindered reign of easeful materialism. The pursuit of science, with the view of applying it to the machinery for money-getting, and the pursuit of art and letters as means to accomplish sordid aims—the commercial spirit forced into and over every thought, aim and aspiration, not to go further with the picture—had brought on a state of dangerous insincerity; and if there shall come a New World interest, though it end but in lifting imagination up to higher and purer regions of activity, where the currents are bold and strong, we shall not have failed to gain largely by our far-reaching shock of war. Those who stand on the housetops, looking keenly into the near future, are feeling the approach of a change in the temper, taste and trend of both life and art.
—MAURICE THOMPSON.

• • •

The Exile Cure for Criminals

WHY do we support tramps? Why are we so apt in promoting the welfare of the outlaw? In our courts every latitude is allowed in the transgressor's cause, while suffering society is forgotten. And society has not only to suffer from the begging, the depredation, the violence, the filth, the profanity, the obscenity of the pauper and criminal class, but is asked to support it and enable it to continue in the idleness it elects to enjoy. Is not this anomalous, preposterous? Why shouldn't we turn it round the other way, and make the thief support society? Why shouldn't he do the rough labor in our behalf, instead of going to prison and sending us the bill for his keep?

Mercy has been maudlin in its attitude toward the professional criminal—not the incidental, accidental or occasional criminal, but the man who, born without a moral sense, or schooled out of his morality by evil association, has determined on a career of shop-burning, house-breaking, highway or train robbery, forgery, counterfeiting or murder.

Save our fellows from an evil life when it is possible to do so; give missionaries to them, and teachers, and books, and refining influences; confine them in reformatories instead of penitentiaries; develop them physically; open trade schools so that they may support themselves without a resort to crime; make them learn the better chance of life, prosperity and comfort in the country than in the town, and persuade them to live apart from those who pander to their passions, and from all on whom their baser instincts impel them to prey. But when we come to the incorrectible offender, void of righteous feeling, treacherous even toward his benefactors, vengeful, mean of spirit, cruel, barren of that honor which a false maxim imputes to thieves, we may as well agree, first as last, to abolish him.

•

In the absence of any provision for dealing conclusively with him, and in the presence of an inflamed sentimentality among the philanthropists, we may not do with him as we do with dangerous lunatics at large, but we may send him where he will cease to do harm, yet be subject to no hardship save such as he imposes on himself by laziness and misconduct. In other words, we may establish an exile for habitual criminals. The war has given distant islands to us that might be put to account as convict stations. We are now feeding and clothing over 60,000 tramps—drunken, depraved, dishonest, dirty, diseased. They will never work except under compulsion, and a month's imprisonment amounts to nothing. The tramps will work, however, if they are placed where they have no choice except between toil and starvation.

Guam offers a special advantage over our other possessions in that it is so far removed from other islands that escape would be difficult, while its climatic conditions are so gracious that no hardship would be imposed on a colony planted there. The natives could be transferred and the place given over to the cast-offs of the race—most of them foisted on us by Europe—who would find a good soil, abundant springs, varied natural products, and could therefore easily support themselves if they chose to do so.

Having been landed they could be left to achieve their own salvation. Is it beyond belief that under stress of making their own laws, instead of complying with laws made for them, they would show glimmerings of an ethical sense? Is it unlikely that the weak and perverted and vicious would quickly see the need of an understanding as to personal and communal rights?—that they would be forced to punish the worst among themselves as threats against the food supplies, if not against life itself? Give them seed and fertilizers in abundance, tools also for gardening and building; then leave them to their own devices, and be sure that those devices will be better than the ones they practice against the industrious, peaceable and unoffending. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Your editorial on Living in Air-Castles was, I think, somewhat iconoclastic. Do you mean to say that air-castles as such are harmful? I can remember the time when as a young man I would sit by a great open fire in the country and build air-castles that glistened like jewels in my mind's eye. No one became any more substantial than air, but was it hurtful? Did it injure my progress in life to thus turn aside for a moment and indulge in a little harmless recreation?

Surely you would not say that the power of imagination called up and strengthened by the construction of air-castles is wasted effort. S. A. R.

New York City.

[If it were harmless, as you say it was, then surely there was no harm. A moment's dreaming of the future, just letting thought work itself out in free, idle fancy, will not hurt you. Your air-castles would not help you much, unless you planned and worked to make them real. You would get no more "power of imagination" from air castles than you would get balloons from making soap bubbles. You are confusing fancy with imagination, and imagination is the basis of all mental power.—The Editor]

* * *

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read with pleased interest the editorial of The White Man's Burden. Newspapers and literary periodicals have made the name of Mr. Kipling a household word.

We have seized and devoured with avidity all that he has been pleased to write and called it great. We have studied his Recessional and taught it to our lads, to declaim it.

We have watched with him in anxious sympathy through his recent illness, we have mourned with him the death of his child. This quick, loving, helpful sympathy is characteristic of us as Americans.

But no matter how much we admire, when he assumes a dictatorial air and attempts to teach us our duty and the right way of doing things, how quickly we resent it! The achievements of our grandfathers, our fathers and our brothers have been too great to be spoken lightly of, and when a son of the vanquished seeks to point out the path of duty to the sons of the victors, we are quick to detect the spirit lying underneath apparently simple verse.

I admire the American spirit of the article in question that dared to point out the error when all men are praising.

Olive Kuick.

Turnersville, Pennsylvania.

* * *

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In reference to the question, "Is the American patriotism of to-day more or less reasonable and reasoning than in the War of 1812?" appearing in a recent editorial, I would venture to suggest that the patriotism of '98 and '99, while fully as fervent and loyal as in previous years, finds expression in a different way. In 1812, America was just beginning to learn of what stuff her citizens were made. It was a revelation to her that she had within her borders men who could surmount such seemingly unconquerable obstacles. Since then, the nation has gone on from victory to victory until we have come to look upon deeds of bravery as the natural thing, because so common. The very multiplicity of heroes, then, may be one reason why we are slower to show our appreciation.

L. D. A.

* * *

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Doctor Shrady's article on the physician is all right as far as it goes, which is not far enough, as it takes much for granted.

The first qualification for a physician is that he shall be a *gentleman*, otherwise he is disqualified for his calling, however accomplished he may be.

There is not a medical college in this country that lays stress enough upon this point, hence they lack in the high distinction and honor that attaches to the best European colleges.

A majority of the students turned out from the universities of this country as doctors are ruffians, and unworthy to be admitted to the privacy of the home or to become the custodians of things sacred. It is a fact that in this country the physician's tongue causes more pain than his scalpel.

What a commentary upon these men whose mission should be to relieve suffering, and yet lack the instincts of gentlemen!

Glen Station, Pennsylvania. S. C.

[Dr. Shrady, perhaps, omitted noting this "first qualification" because he considered it fundamental, or, therefore, to be understood without requiring specific statement. If one were giving a young man suggestions as to his conduct in society, one would hardly tell him how to handle his knife or how to manage his finger bowl. Character should be the foundation of the doctor's life-work, as it should be for any profession, any business. But, surely, you are over-severe and sweeping when, from a few instances that have come under your observation, you make such a distinct charge as ruffianism against the majority of medical students.—The Editor]

"Publick OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Duty of the United States Toward the Spanish Prisoners

In Article VI of the treaty of peace, the United States was pledged to "undertake to obtain the release of all Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents in Cuba and in the Philippines," a measure that circumstances have confined to the latter locality.

Just how many Spanish soldiers and priests are being held by Aguinaldo is not known beyond his lines, but the number is doubtless much smaller than has been represented in his interest. His last demand of ransom was $1,500,000, coupled with conditions that it would be unwise, if not politically impossible, for Spain to accept.

Spain has been willing to pay a reasonable sum for the release of her subjects, and the United States has done all that was possible to carry out its pledge by its efforts to suppress the insurrection. With an armed and treacherous foe in the field, it would be the height of folly to permit a transaction that would give that foe the means of prolonging the opposition.

When General Otis forbade further negotiations between the Spanish, at Manila, and the insurgents, for the ransom of prisoners, he acted on military instinct and his own authority, and that act was approved by his Government. As soon as Aguinaldo is ready for peace, the release of the Spanish prisoners can be speedily secured.

Why British Orders for Locomotives are Placed Here

A pleasant interest in the United States and a surprise that called for official explanation in England were created by the recent placing of orders for twenty locomotives, for the English Midland Railway, with American builders.

The explanation by the Chairman of the company conveys a high compliment to [illegible] artisans, and makes a vivid exposition of the general manufacturing methods in the two countries.

As long ago as December, 1897, the company began placing orders in England for 170 locomotives. Up to February 15, 1899, not a single delivery had been made, though forty eight should have been turned over to the company by that date.

In its strait the company tendered contracts to two American firms, one of which promised to deliver within ten weeks from the receipt of the order, and the other during March.

Finding that they could not get an engine made in England in less than fifteen months, and that they could get twenty built and shipped in the United States in four months, the Directors had authorized the giving of the contracts to American firms. The same capacity for speedy delivery secured Americans the contract for the Atabara bridge, in the Soudan.

Peace Restored Between the United States and Spain

ON MARCH 17, a year from the day on which Captain-General Blanco declared, at a ba[illegible] in Havana, that Spain [illegible] never consent to give up Cuba, the Queen Regent performed the last act on behalf of Spain for the reestablishment of peace by signing the treaty.

This duty was a personal one imposed on her by the treaty itself, and nothing else was necessary for the restoration of peace excepting the exchange of the copies of the treaty signed by the President and the Queen Regent. For this ceremony the good offices of M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, were mutually accepted.

The Spanish Cortes had no part whatever in the acceptance of the treaty, its sole function being to sanction the cession of the territory alienated by the treaty, which it alone could do. Under the strong hand of Premier Sagasta it was even prevented from indulging in a general discussion of the war and its results, although attempts to do so were made in both houses.

Before signing, the Queen Regent relieved herself from the certainty of painful criticisms by dissolving the Cortes. Now that the last act has been performed, Spain is beginning to acquiesce in the judgment of Europe that she is far better off than when burdened by her last colonies.

The Recalling of Li Hung Chang to Peking

Late dispatches from China indicate that the Government has had another of its periodical awakenings to the fact of its precarious situation, and that the Empress Dowager, in fear of the growing influence of Great Britain and the United States and the increasing demands of European nations, has recalled the veteran Li Hung Chang to her side.

The Government has decided to send a commercial mission to American and European trade centres, in an endeavor to promote Chinese commerce. If sufficiently encouraged thereby, the Government proposes to establish large trading firms in the great commercial cities of the world.

Americans will be especially interested in the announcement that the Chinese Government has acceded to all the demands of the United States, in the matter of the murder of the American missionary, Mr. McKeartney, by the rebels at Shung King. Through the efforts of the British Consul the murderers of Missionary Fleming have been caught and executed.

An All-American Route to the Riches of the Klondike

IT IS a matter of particular regret that the Joint High Commission was unable to devise any practical settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute before taking its long recess, as the annual conflicts between American and Canadian miners have already begun.

Both the United States and Canada set boundary commissions at work several years ago, and, more than two years ago, it was officially announced that all that remained to be done were a blending of the two reports and a legal determination of the meaning of a clause in our purchase treaty with Russia.

While a settlement now seems as far off as ever, the United States is becoming better acquainted with the region. It is just announced that a military expedition, last summer, discovered an all American route to the Klondike, and that two similar expeditions have been organized for work this summer, one in the Copper River region, the other about Cook's Inlet.

American Aid in Creating a New Japan

With the cooperation of the United States, the Empire of Japan will enter upon a new era in July next, when the treaty negotiated between the two countries several years ago will go into effect. The delay in putting it into operation has been both international and beneficial.

The prime object of the treaty is to aid the upbuilding of the Empire by cutting off a variety of restrictions that have retarded its progress and kept it below the rank of a modern nation. With these out of the way Japan will have a fuller and freer intercourse with the nations of the West than ever before.

The time for inaugurating the new international relation is most opportune, and present conditions fully justify the delay. The Empire is in much better shape to give and receive pledges, and at no time has it commanded so much of the respect and friendship of Europe.

Under similar treaties with the other great Powers, foreign settlement, capital and enlarged trade will be greatly encouraged, and the Empire, emerging from its long isolation, will find directly at hand the intelligence, experience, energy, wealth, and all the best forces that have brought about modern civilization.

The Crying Need for Commercially Trained Consuls

Coincident with the opening of the International Exhibition of Painting, Drawing and Sculpture, at Venice, in May, there will be an International Congress on Commercial Education.

This will be an occasion of most timely importance, because there is scarcely a subject having a deeper interest, among the commercial nations of the world to-day, than that relating to the character of their consular officers abroad.

The value of a specially trained consular service is daily gaining a larger recognition. Germany now leads in the policy of creating such a department of the Government, and Austria, Great Britain, Russia and France are following the example. The new policy is to make the Consuls of the future from among the youth of to-day, by a training having the single end in view.

In the United States there has never been a rule governing such appointments, and although our Consuls have been chosen chiefly because of what service they or their friends have rendered the party in power, they have, nevertheless, done much to bring about the commercial conditions of the country that are now astonishing the Governments and commercial agents of the Old World.

Still, our very successes in foreign trade emphasize the maxim, "a business man for business dealings," and, as our foreign trade shall grow in size and importance [illegible] doubtless be an imperative de[illegible] order of commercially trained Consuls.

Gems of Recent State Legislation

Montana has made gambling a felony and legalized prize-fighting, the last act being vetoed by the Governor. Colorado and Utah recognized eight hours as a full labor day for miners. Washington restored the deficiency judgment law and prohibited blacklisting.

Oklahoma ordered a convention in July to frame a State Constitution, legislated against Christian Scientists, and in the House gave women full voting privilege. Kansas created a traveling library commission, and removed the political disabilities of ex Confederates.

Arkansas created a commission to regulate railroad and express companies, and North Carolina one to control railroads, banks and building and loan associations. Indiana passed an anti-lynching law, one to encourage forestry, and one making the seller instead of the buyer of a vote liable to prosecution.

North Carolina ordered a proposed Constitutional amendment submitted to popular vote in 1900, establishing an educational qualification for voters; and California enacted an anti-cartoon law. Alabama ordered the American flag to be hoisted over every schoolhouse in the State and to be kept floating there forever."

Russia Suppresses an Advocate of Universal Peace

HARDLY had the Czar's disarmament scheme been announced, when Mr. William T. Stead, of the London Review of Reviews, undertook to organize a universal peace league that should exert its influence to put a stop to war. To aid his propaganda he began publishing a newspaper, the War Against War.

From the time the Czar's project was made public Russia has neglected no opportunity for strengthening her military and naval resources, a course that has called into question the Imperial sincerity, and now that it has been decided to hold the international peace conference at The Hague on May 18, Russia forbids the circulation of the peace organ within her territory.

More than a Quarter of the Century Spent in War

Before the representatives of the nations gather at The Hague to discuss the Czar's programme for securing universal peace, it might lead to quicker and more beneficial results if each one would impress upon his mind some great facts in history that may be recited in a few words.

In the last ninety-eight years Turkey has had thirty eight years of war; Spain, thirty one; France, twenty seven; Russia, twenty-four; Italy, twenty three; England, twenty-one; Austria, seventeen; Holland, fourteen; Germany, thirteen; Prussia, singly, twelve; Sweden, ten; Portugal, ten; and Denmark, [illegible].

Thus Europe alone, in the present century, has seen war spread over the enormous period of 249 years, collectively, or more than one-quarter of the relative duration of peace. Much of this fearful work is chargeable to the ambition and example of a single man.

The United States has had about thirty seven years of war in this period—ten with foreign countries, four between the States, and twenty three with native Indians.

The United States Producing One-Fourth of the World's Coal

Fully one quarter of the world's supply of coal is now mined in the United States, and in the last twenty eight years no country has come anywhere near equaling it in the increase of production. While the increase for the whole world has been less than one hundred per cent., that of the United States alone has been nearly two hundred per cent.

In the calendar year 1897 the total production of bituminous and anthracite grades was 194,603,976 tons, worth at the mines $198,869,178. Local industries and domestic consumption require an annually increasing amount, and on top of this we now have a strong foreign demand, already large enough to warrant increased and more steady mining for a long time to come.

With a present production more than five times greater than it was in 1870, our exportations have increased from a little more than a quarter of a million tons to more than four million, and is causing uneasiness in the coal producing countries of Europe.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR
CLOSE RANGE STUDIES OF Contemporaries

How Teller Prayed for a Robber

The senior Senator from Colorado, with the exception of the period he served as Secretary of the Interior in President Arthur's Cabinet, has represented his State in the Senate since her admission to the Union in the Centennial year. He is one of the most dignified members of that body, a man with whom it is difficult to connect a romantic episode, and yet in the early days when he was a pioneer in Gilpin County, Colorado, at the time of the silver excitement there, he was a participator in many thrilling incidents. No one was more forward in insisting that the law should be observed, and he was frequently called upon to help in the execution of justice.

It is told of him that on one occasion he took part in the lynching of a Mexican who was caught robbing the sluice boxes. It was not the first offense, and the man had again and again been warned, but to no purpose. The trial was conducted with all order and propriety by the miners about there, and it was decided that the culprit must hang. Senator Teller took a prominent part in the debate, and while he regretted the necessity, he still advocated the hanging as important in maintaining law and order.

HENRY W. TELLER

The preparations were made, the rope fixed around the prisoner's neck, and everything was ready for his execution; at this moment Senator Teller, who is a deeply religious man, asked for a stay in the proceedings, and suggested that a chance be given the Mexican to pray, a privilege the poor wretch declined, but Teller, determined he should not swing into eternity without a prayer being offered up in his behalf, bowed his own head and earnestly besought the Almighty that the offending brother should not be punished in the next world for the crime for which they were sending him out of this one. After the hanging, Tom Bowen, who subsequently served in the Upper House with Teller, came up and said:

"Old man, that was a great prayer you put up. That Mexican ought to have felt flattered, and would if he had understood you. I couldn't help but think, however, that there was a certain amount of sarcasm in it. It struck me that you displayed a fashion of insolent effrontery in urging the admission to Heaven of a Mexican whom you had already condemned as not good enough for Gilpin County, Colorado. However, it was a great petition, and ought to go a long way toward getting the Mexican through the Great White Gate."

•

"The Flying Brigadier" of Manila

General Lloyd Wheaton, commander of the "flying column" that has been keeping the insurgent Filipinos on the run for several weeks, is not only an experienced Indian fighter of the Custer pattern, but a successful Fenian fighter.

After an honorable service in the Civil War he so distinguished himself in suppressing the Fenian raid, and capturing the raiders on the Province of Manitoba, in October, 1871, that he received the thanks of the British Government, of the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, and of the late General Hancock then commanding the Department of Dakota.

Later he served under the lamented Custer in the Black Hills. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and won the Congressional medal of honor by bravery at the assault on Fort Blakely, Alabama, where he led the right wing of his regiment, sprang through an embrasure against a strong fire of artillery and musketry, and was the first to enter the enemy's works.

General Wheaton is a native of Michigan, sixty years old, and was a civil engineer before entering the military service.

•

John Wanamaker as a Floor-Walker

There is one story which a certain employee in the great Wanamaker establishment is never tired of telling about the head of this establishment. As many are aware, the Honorable John Wanamaker is very proud of his big store, and is frequently seen walking along its aisles, stopping to gaze at this, that or the other exhibit with apparently as much interest as any outsider.

Rarely, however, does he come down from his luxurious offices on the second floor without wearing his hat, thus appearing to the few who do not know him as merely an onlooker. One exceedingly warm day he stood at the foot of the stairs which lead to the transcept, with his hat in his hand, allowing what few zephyrs there were about to fan his brow. A flurried shopper, bewildered by the many diverging aisles and avenues spied the hatless man, and feeling sure that he was a floor-walker, or at least an employee of the house, she rushed up to him and asked: "Won't you please tell me where I can find cotton batting?"

"Certainly, madam," came the suave answer, and with the genial manner which is one of his greatest charms Mr. Wanamaker led the relieved shopper to the proper counter. "Show this lady some cotton batting, and see if you can't find her a fan."

"Thank you—thank you so much; you are the most polite clerk I have met in a long time. I only wish John Wanamaker knew about you. Be certain I'll tell him if I ever get the chance."

It was now Mr. Wanamaker's turn to thank her, and it was some time before the clerk at the counter recovered from his astonishment enough to tell the woman the name of the supposed floor-walker.

•

Miss Fair as a Nursery Maid

Miss Virginia Fair has been for several years one of the foremost figures in the social life of both the Pacific and Atlantic coast. Her betrothal to the young son and namesake of William K. Vanderbilt has made her an even more prominent personage.

Of Miss Fair's social life the public is fully informed. But there is a wholly different side to the life of the young heiress. Together with her sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Miss Fair devotes much time and money to charitable work.

The other day she was making a tour through the crowded East Side of New York. She brought with her some milk from a diet kitchen for a poor mother dying of [illegible] tion, and had tidied up the one room in which the family lived. After this was done she washed and dressed the unkempt children. Most of them had short hair, but the youngest was a pretty little flaxen haired girl, and her toilet included hair dressing.

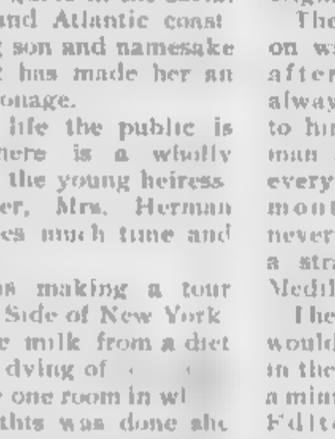
When Miss Fair had ended, and the child's hair was smoothed and wound into a braid such as little girls wear on Fifth Avenue, the heiress asked the girl how she liked it.

The little one glanced into the cracked glass mirror and then looked lovingly across the room at the bed whereon her mother lay, and said: "Thank 'oo very much, Miss Fair. It's boofull, but—my mamma, I thank, combs it boofuller."

•

Max Müller, the Famous Savant

Professor Max Müller is not only one of the most noted savants of his day, but is admired and loved wherever he is known. Born of German parents in Dessau seventy-six years ago, a student in Paris, resident in London [illegible] than half a century, widely traveled, [illegible] with interests in every part of the globe, he is a citizen of the world in its broadest sense. His connection with England's great University, Oxford, brought him in contact with all the scholars of his day, many of whom he knew intimately.



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER

This eminent scholar is frank in avowing that he does not care for the American interviewer. He thinks he ought to be told when he is being interviewed and says that even the ancient statues are protected from snap shots in the museum of antiquities. But he confesses to admire him, not surely with the same admiration he felt for his friends, Emerson, Holmes and Lowell. Lowell was, perhaps, nearer to the great Orientalist than any other man in America, and the American poet and statesman often broke bread with the German philologist.

"He was a professor and at the same time a politician and a man of the world. As much at home in England as in America, in Spain as in Holland," writes Muller of Lowell, while Lowell chronicles his fondness for the Mullers in a quartette of verse of which the following is the last:

"Bring me a cup of Al Sonts' ale,
Better than ever was bought with silver,
To drink (Oh, may the vow prevail)
The health of Max and Mrs. Muller."

It is not Americans alone whom Muller counts among his friends. He has many in all classes, from Royalty to peasants, and in his charming book, Old Lang Syne, tells some captivating stories of the great people o[illegible]. He has friends, too, in all parts of the world—parts even where his foot has never been set.

[illegible]on of his academical [illegible] he received from the pundits of India an illuminated parchment address, inclosed in [illegible] casket, representing an India[illegible] uscript, congratulating him upon his jubilee, and expressing their gratitude for the work he had done in making their language and literature better known and understood. Hardly a mail, indeed, but brings him some evidence of admiration and regard from his contemporaries.

•

Joseph Medill's Peculiarities

Joseph Medill, Editor of the Chicago Tribune, who recently died at San Antonio, Texas, was a man of whom innumerable good stories have been told. He was an indefatigable worker, and so long as he lived in Chicago he was regularly at his desk in the office, even on Sundays, when the single elevator in the Tribune office is allowed to rest and every one has to climb the stairs.

There were certain exchanges which he had laid aside for him, and he would shut himself in his office with these for an hour or so and then make his appearance in the office of the City Editor. In those days, one man from the local staff was left in charge of the City Editor's office for two or three hours Sunday afternoon, after the Day City Editor had gone and before the Night City Editor came on duty. Mr. Medill did not know a soul in his own office outside of the Managing Editor, the Night Editor, the Political Editor and the Day and Night City Editors.

Therefore the man on watch Sunday afternoons was always a stranger to him. The same man had the work every Sunday for months, but he never ceased to be a stranger to Mr. Medill.

The veteran editor would poke his head in the door, look for a minute at the City Editor's desk, at which the young man was always seated, enter hesitatingly and ask:

'Are you connected with this paper?"

"Ye[illegible] sir," the young man would reply.

"Well, I have a few directions I would like to leave," Mr. Medill would explain. "Here is a little something I would like to have go to the Night Editor," and he would hand over a small roll of reprint. "Monday is always a light paper, and I have been saving some of this up all the week to get it into that paper. Bob kills some of my stuff every little while, and I'd sort of like to get this in."

JOSEPH MEDILL

The "Bob" to whom reference is made [illegible] was Mr. Robert W. Patterson, Mr. Medill's son-in-law, and the executive head of the Tribune for a great many years. After that Mr. Medill would give instructions for various other people on the paper, all of which the young reporter would be instructed to insist upon having carried out, and to report any refusal or neglect to Mr. Medill himself—a decidedly delicate mission to intrust to a subordinate whose tenure of office depended upon the favor of those to whom he was expected to convey these arbitrary messages.

And that little roll of paper! How many Night Editors in the Tribune office have anathematized it! Mr. Medill could get more reprint into a small bunch than any other man living, according to those who have worked on the top floor of his newspaper building. One night when the whole batch was "set," it was found to make something over eleven columns.

But Night Editors of the Tribune learned to know what Mr. Medill was sufficiently interested in to remember, and what he put in merely to fill up. Knowing that, there was a great deal that they could throw away with reasonable safety.

Mr. Medill was a man of very strong friendship. The few men who were left over from the old régime on the Tribune could not be disturbed so long as he lived. Mr. Patterson might do as he pleased with the newer men, but those to whom the veteran editor's memory harked back could not be disturbed. One who was dropped out once, during Medill's absence in California, was brought back from a distant city when the veteran editor returned to Chicago. He said he wanted to see some faces that he knew in the office.

ADELINA PATTI

•

When Patti Demanded a Doll

Although Adelina Patti has recently installed a new head at her castle at Craig-y-Nos, it is doubtful if Baron Cederstrom will be other than a figure-head.

When, in her young days, the famous singer was touring America, the impresario who was managing little Adelina as an "infant prodigy" found it necessary to give her a valuable little toy each time she appeared.

One evening, in Cincinnati, he forgot the usual gift. "Very well," said Patti, "then I don't sing!"

"But the house is filled and the audience is waiting," said the distracted manager. Entreaties proved vain; the little singer refused to go on the stage. After a vast amount of trouble the manager purchased a toy and tossed it at the feet of the songstress, who at once tripped on the stage and began to sing as only Patti can sing.

• • •

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Wheeler's Mistake.—In obtaining the first report of a battle on one occasion, General Wheeler happened to be in the hospital tent, where doctors and nurses were making their rounds.

"How many were killed?" he asked as he started out toward his own quarters.

"One hundred and five," replied a nurse.

"What a slaughter! How did it happen?"

"I am speaking to the doctor of my patient's temperature, General, not of the battle," smilingly replied the Red Cross nurse.

Reed and Wilhelm.—At the recent Underwriters' dinner given in his honor in New York, Thomas B. Reed was speaking of the Kaiser's latest speech in which he used the personal pronoun "I" ten times in ten lines. After quoting the speech Mr. Reed remarked dryly: "And then he went out and ordered a new crown nineteen feet in diameter."

Mark Twain in Vienna.—Mark Twain has achieved a distinct social triumph in the Austrian capital. He and Mrs. Clemens recently gave a grand ball in honor of their daughter, which was attended by many of the Court dignitaries and other members of the nobility. It is the first time on record that a function given by a private American citizen has been so recognized.

Lieutenant Haskell's Promotion.—It is seldom that all the members of any one class in college petition the advancement over their own heads of one of their members. This was done by the class of 1899 at the West Point Military Academy in the case of Cadet Ernest E. Haskell, whom the President recently appointed Second Lieutenant in the Army in advance of his graduation.

Lieutenant Haskell was the only West Point cadet on service in Cuba, where he was one of the officers of the Rough Riders, and was sent home to die from bullet wounds. His strong constitution enabled him to pull through, and the friendship of his comrades has given him this well-earned promotion.

Making a Woman of Yerkes.—John Gelert, the famous sculptor of the Chicago Haymarket statue, has recently placed on exhibition a marble bust of a beautiful woman. The bust was originally a portrait of Yerkes, the Chicago street-railroad magnate. It fell into the sculptor's hands and he transformed it into a young woman.

"I reduced its size," he explained the other day, "changed the expression, removed the mustache, and built the back hair into a Grecian knot. Model? I hadn't any. It's pretty, though, and if you didn't know its history you never would suspect how it was done." And you wouldn't.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE MISSISSIPPI AND MAN

When the River threatens the Land

By GRACE KING

"WILL the levees hold? Will the levees hold?" This is the cry over the land of the Delta. The Mississippi is up again in might, and the fight is on between the great river and man; the fight in the never-ceasing strife since man first wrested the land from the river and sought to hold it for himself.

A rise in the Missouri, a rise in the Wisconsin, a rise in the Ohio, in the Arkansas, in the Red; rain freshets from East and West, freshets from the melting of snows in the North—all are coming down the Mississippi, not singly and separately, but one upon the other, in floods such as the memory of man holds not the likeness of.

It is as if the Father of Waters, shaking off his winter sleep, had sent out the call to his people: "Let us go down as of yore and frolic over the land and make our own the blue waters of the Gulf." Mountain torrent, spring and brook, river, creek, bayou—dashing, rushing, dripping, creeping, oozing—all have eagerly responded, and from the ever-white regions of winter and the ever-green regions of summer, from mountain ranges in the sunrise and mountain ranges in the sunset, are mustering together and hurrying forward across the million square miles of the great valley to pour their contributions into the lordly tributaries that roll on their way to the Mississippi.

In the old Louisiana Indian traditions, Meschacebe rose out of his bed every fourteen years to take possession of the land. When the time came for overflow the Indians retired to their mounds, game fled to the hills, insects and reptiles took refuge on the floating islands of raft wood, in swamps and in the beds of streams. No one then disputed Meschacebe's power and lordship, and so, the tradition runs, the river was benignant to the country as a father to a son.

•

But the tradition disappeared like the Indians, and the white man has learned to repeat a different one and one not so benign. As the levee rises—so runs the present folk-lore—the river will rise inch by inch, inch by inch. The high water of one year is topped by the levee of the next, and the raising of the levee gauge one year is sure to be met by the raising of the river-bed the next. The contest will cease only when man is incapable of raising a higher levee, for not till then will he give up, and the river will never rest in its bed until its old sway over the country is resumed.

New Orleans, the river's own city, sits like a Sebastopol behind her fortifications. Twenty feet high her levees encircle her. In low water the citizens look down upon the river from the curving crescent-shaped rampart as from the top seats of an amphitheatre. But when the river is at flood height the city is the arena, and the shipping, so to speak, occupies the topmost seats; for the hulls of great steamers tower above the streets, and the ferries seem to be crossing and recrossing up in the air, while the little sailboats disport themselves around like butterflies.

A light scum, as of dust and straw, the first scourings of dry banks, signals the beginning of a rise. Then comes a heavy scum, larger drift—logs and scattering pieces of timber—the litter from higher banks; then comes the spoil of caving banks and low-lying forest trees—gaunt, dead giants, with gray and sere branches stretching out like withered arms; vigorous young growths in all their fresh spring foliage and living roots still grasping their native earth.

As the river crawls up its bank other drift comes down—barrels and boxes, hen-coops and dog-kennels, an upturned cradle, a backless chair, every now and then a cabin, a bedstead. The vital statistics have begun.

•

According to conventional expectations it is time now for the water to begin to show signs of falling, for this is the spring rise, which passes away before the summer rise comes on. The river news should begin to be "stationary." But from the upper rivers comes naught but rise, rise, rise. The news would come too late for Arkansas—that river is already flooding its country. The Mississippi country, with hundreds of towns, go under the water; ten thousand people there are rendered homeless; plantations sink out of sight into watery waste and ruin.

In Louisiana, the Mississippi breaks a levee here, a levee there. Soon it is pouring into the Delta through four great crevasses. It is time to act—stationary water above would come too late now, even for Louisiana. The Governor, by proclamation, summons the people of the State to stand by their levees and battle to the last against overflow. State and Federal engineers hold councils and ply up and down the river in their boats. They calculate the height of the water coming down and the height of levee left to meet it. The length of the State line the levees are manned, the planters lead their negro and Italian hands to the work, the State penitentiary sends flying squadrons of convicts to one weak spot after another. Sacks of earth rise as if by magic in bricklike rows along the top of the levee; mile after mile fresh earth is piled inside against the soaked base, drains are cut to draw off the leakage, crayfish holes are undermined and stopped, breakwaters are built mile after mile, plantation after plantation.

Flatboats loaded with sacks of earth, lumber, tools and men lie moored at regular intervals along the bank. Tugboats with steam up are kept in call of telegraph offices; plantation warehouses filled with wheelbarrows, shovels, picks, saws and lumber stand with open doors, with gangs of laborers coming around them at night, their watch-fires shedding a chain of lurid light along both banks. Sentinels pace their rounds day and night, and stragglers along the levee are now held for levee cutters, and shot down after one challenge. Pilots are ordered with aimed rifles to keep their boat mid-stream.

A thin, wavering line, a thread-paper of dry earth is all that the pilot sees to the right and left as he cautiously holds his way equidistant from each bank. A heavy swell from the paddle might easily turn the evenly balanced odds between river and levee in many a spot.

In New Orleans, the river crawls up above the danger-line, above record after record, gauge after gauge of the past. The wharves go under one by one; water ripples through the freight sheds and warehouses. The clerks in the offices sit at their desks on a raised floor; the telephone box is somewhere near the floor. The railroad tracks disappear from sight; engines with movable fire-boxes carry their trains along for a while through the water, but it rises above the arches of their wheels and above the highest fire-boxes.

Even the strong-hearted waver into moments of apprehension as the water still creeps up past the layer of sacks on top of the levee—and the gauge readings give still no margin of hope.

The engineers have raised the levee three feet higher to meet the crest of the flood, as they have calculated it; they have their emergency service of men and material at regular stations along the line. Electric lights are doubled and trebled along the city front, and so are the watchmen.

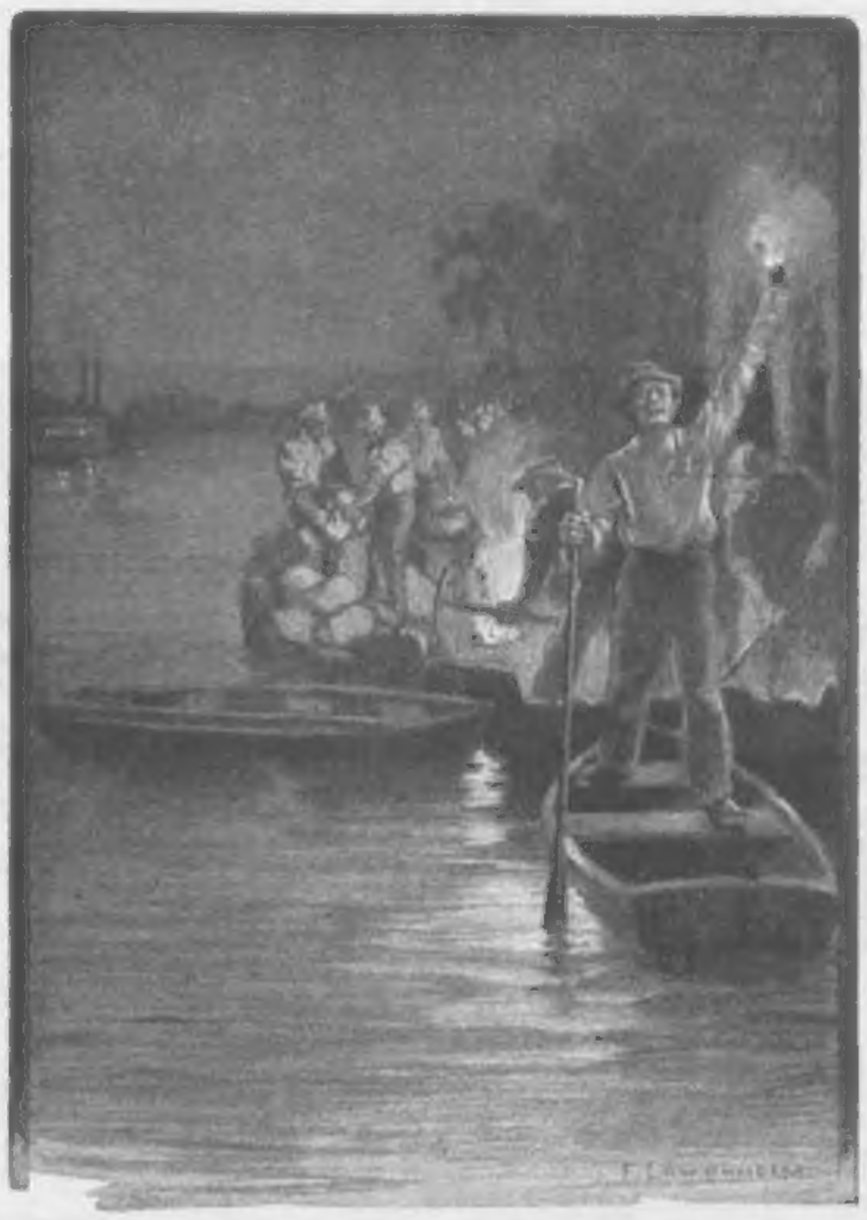
•

But the city's danger comes not from the front, where the levees are backed by the granite-paved streets—where they may be overtopped, but never broken. The weak point in her defense is the great revetment levee above the city, rising sheer from the naked earth and meeting the full force of the stream as it grandly sweeps into the curve of the crescent-shaped harbor.

The levee is a new one, untested by proof. The uneven ridge of the old levee breaks through the water about the distance of half a block away. It still serves loyally, making one stand more against the old foe, fighting off and deflecting the current, gaining time for heightening and strengthening the inner wall. A thousand men are at work upon it. The streets are being ruthlessly dug up for earth, packed here into sacks, there loaded into wheelbarrows that in an endless file wend up and down the incline of plank scaffolding the huge slope; a wheelbarrow load seems but as a teaspoonful dumped upon it. A line of great beam braces is advancing, foot by foot, along the base. Aprons of heavy planking are being sunk in front; sacks are being laid by thousands.

•

For three weeks the work of defense has been going on, whipped forward day by day by gauge readings, and still all seems yet to be done. Engineers and workmen have the air of the besieged at their last stand. Policemen keep the crowd back from the workmen, for the citizens crowd to the spot, coming and going, filling and emptying the electric cars from morning until night.



THEIR WATCH-FIRES SHED A CHAIN OF LURID LIGHT ALONG BOTH BANKS

•

Will the levee hold? The time is almost past for that question. Will the people hold? Will man hold? What answer comes from the past? Ask any one in the crowd; there is no need to ask the newspapers. A levee downed is a levee downed; the man behind the levee cannot be downed. The Mississippi may sweep over him this year as it has done before; ruin may sweep over him, as often enough before, but in the midst of the floods he will find his feet and plant them through disaster in the firm land beneath; and next year he will have his levee up again, overtopping the river by more than the river overtopped him this year. During low water man may indulge in scientific doubts. In the face of high water and ruin he knows that the river can never rise higher than the levees he can build against it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The levees of New Orleans did hold during the high water of 1897, the highest water known in the history of the State.

Tailor-Made Suits

$5

IF you wish something decidedly new in a dress or skirt, and entirely different from the ready-made garments which you find in every store, write for our catalogue and samples. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made dresses and skirts, but we are the only house making fashionable garments *to order* at moderate prices.

Our new Spring catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of suits and skirts selected from the newest Paris models, and the materials from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties. We will mail our catalogue *free*, together with a choice line of samples to select from, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.

Our Catalogue Illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up.
Duck, Piqué and Linen Suits, $4 up.
Duck, Piqué and Linen Skirts, $3 up.
Separate Cloth Skirts, $4 up.
Bicycle Suits, $4 up. Bicycle Skirts, $3 up.
Rainy-Day Suits. Riding Habits.
Golf Suits and Skirts.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. *We pay express charges everywhere.* If, when writing to us, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you desire, it will afford us pleasure to send you a full line of exactly what you wish. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second mourning. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; we will send them to you, *free*, by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York City

The only binding that

Will Fit

S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge

(U. S. Patent 621,008, March 14, 1899)

rounds itself to the skirt because the brush edge is woven with one long side and one short side, the velveteen being cut on the bias and inserted between the long and short sides of the head, creating the famous

Natural Skirt-Fitting Curve

No other binding can fit, because no other has a natural curve. Its durability is not even approached by others, and there is no other so soft and rich—the skirt-dressing combination of art and wear.

All the good ready-made skirts are bound with it.

Be sure that "S. H. & M." is stamped on back. 36 shades. If your dealer hasn't it, drop a postal to the S. H. & M. Co., Box 8, Station A, New York.

Direct from Maker to Wearer

SERVICE SERGES

Are the Best for LADIES' SUITS

(*Manufactured Like Men's*)

Black, Blue, Dark and Medium Grays, 55 to 58 inches wide, from 85 cents per yard upward. *High Grade.* **Fast Colors, Superior Finish.** *Keep their shape* in the garment. *More economical* than any other serge, and warranted. The great width cuts to best advantage. Sponged free of charge. Sold direct only. Send for free samples and booklet.

SERGE MILLS COMPANY
Department E, . Worcester, Mass.

QUIT TYING your veil. Use a Veil Clasp. Simple, durable, perfect. Highest award at World's Fair. Three styles: Gilt, Silver and Black. Mailed for 15 cents; two for 25 cents. Stamps taken. Warranted to please. Address **QUEIN & WILSON, Beatrice, Neb.**

PEOPLE I ADMIRE IN SOCIETY

The Man Who Knew Everything

By G. S. STREET

SOME people say that my memory is the worst in the world; others, that it is extraordinarily good. Their view depends upon the questions put to me; one kind I can answer with almost excessive fullness; another finds me ignorant as a savage.

For example, if you were to quote to me from some comic opera, the chances are that I should proceed to recite to you most of its doggerel verses and all its bad jokes; but I could not tell you its name, nor who wrote it, nor when nor where I saw it, nor who played in it.

This incapacity for remembering names and dates, and the elementary facts of life—such as who of my acquaintance are dead and who alive—makes me respect and admire to an extreme degree people who are always ready with them. Men who can tell you offhand who was Under-Secretary of War in the Government of 1880, or where Klondike is—men of that sort are superhuman in my eyes. Therefore, the chief of them all, the greatest master of facts that ever lived, the king of all encyclopedists, who is a friend of mine called Covey, fills me with astonishment and reverent awe.

Hartop Covey—he is one of those people whose parents, prescient of future dignity, omitted the ordinary Christian name—Hartop Covey has been everywhere, has known everybody, has read everything, and remembers—if slang be pardoned to my enthusiasm—the whole boiling.

•

The other day I was walking through Curzon Street, and saw an extraordinarily beautiful woman look out of a window. I noticed that the number was 1007, and seeing Covey later at the Club, I asked him, with confidence, who lived at 1007 Curzon Street. He thought for a moment—a habit which I am sure is a result not of hesitation, but of modesty, lest his omniscience appear arrogant—and then answered decisively:

"At ten hundred and seven? General Fraser. I remember him as a boy; he was with my father in the Crimea. Clever old chap, partly French by birth; his great-grandfather, you know"—Covey always tries courteously to involve you in his knowledge—"fought at Culloden, and his mother was a direct descendant of Cardinal Richelieu. I used to know that house very well when the Sinclairs lived there. Bob Sinclair was my fag at Eton; poor fellow, I found him sweeping a crossing in Jerusalem last year."

He was kind enough to give me the history of the Sinclairs, and of several other houses in Curzon Street, and then I asked him who the lady might have been.

•

"Probably Mildred Fraser. Dark hair and a slight scar on her cheek? No? Fair? Oh, well, I expect it was her cousin, Muriel Thomson—the daughter, you know, of old Sir Mortimer Thomson, who was Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople in '78. Beautiful girl, isn't she? I remember how poor Dick Robinson used to rave about her when we went round the world together in '87"—I should never have remembered it was '87—"he was engaged to her for years, you know."

You may suppose that this was an exceptional case; that I had chanced on Covey's little set. But I assure you it is only one of a thousand instances ranging over all nations and classes.

Covey knows your tailor's antecedents; your bootmaker took his present shop on Covey's advice; and Covey was one of the few Englishmen with whom Bismarck ever conversed intimately. And his knowledge is as accurate as it is extensive; more accurate, in fact, than official records. I looked up the Court Guide in reference to the Fraser incident, and found that it assigned quite another resident to 1007 Curzon Street.

Covey is a little man with spectacles, and a small but compact mustache—a mustache which looks angry when Covey and some other lover of accuracy are in argument. I used at one time to look on him with suspicion, fearing almost that he might be a sort of Archer in Pendennis, a harmless pretender to knowledge he did not possess.

But Covey has been corroborated so often that I am ashamed of my lack of faith. I have met a relation of Bob Sinclair, who admitted that he was at Eton; and in regard to Bismarck, I have seen the label of a German hotel on Covey's portmanteau. Moreover, he never obtrudes his information, and when he corrects that of others he does so very quietly, often in a hardly audible voice; you merely feel that a superior expert is present, without losing the narrator's thread.

I have often seen Covey, when somebody was telling an anecdote of Lord Salisbury, or the Prince of Wales, or other eminent person, smile silently to himself; he knew better, you may be sure, from a closer intimacy with the person in question—and by the way, Cabinet intrigues, and the secret history of politics in general, are a specialty of Covey's—but he was too polite to interrupt.

•

There was a remarkable instance of this modesty happened a little time ago. In addition to his other knowledge, Covey knows what things are made of and how you make them. He knows all about engines, and electric light, and so forth. In this I do not envy him so much, for my own state of childlike wonder in these matters, though less creditable, has charms of its own. But to my instance.

A young electrical engineer came to lunch with me at my club, and I secured the honor of Covey's society as well. I had not had an opportunity of mentioning my friend's vocation to Covey, who—by the coincidence which always happens—began to talk of engineering and electricity.

•

My friend contradicted some of his statements, and an argument ensued. In the course of it Covey found out that he was talking to a professional expert, and became quite silent; my friend went on in a monologue, which I found extremely tedious, but to which Covey listened with a beautiful, smiling patience.

He took me aside afterward, and said in a melancholy voice: "I hope your young friend's not setting up in business for himself."

"Don't you think he'll succeed?" I asked.

"My dear fellow," Covey answered, "he doesn't know the merest rudiments of his business. He should study for years under some capable person."

Covey, you see, had seen through my unfortunate friend's ignorance all along, but not a sign had he made. I call that an example of true modesty.

• • • • • • • • •

ANIMALS THAT JOKE

THE other day, when Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the eminent biologist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, was asked if animals have a sense of humor, he replied:

"Most decidedly, with a few exceptions chiefly among the lower orders of intelligence. You do not see much humor in a cow, but there's a good deal in a calf, and pigs are not very gay as a rule.

"I do not think that beavers, muskrats and some other animals that live in the water or under the ground have much fun in them, but seals are very sportive. Up in the Pribilof Islands I have seen seals playing jokes on each other many a time, and then they would bark like a dog in their hilarity. At a certain season of the year the little pups, which are born on the land, are taught to swim by their parents, and you can often see the old bulls lying round watching the little ones with interest. Every now and then one of them will wobble over into the water, grab one of his pups by the neck, and duck him under, or throw him out farther, where it is deep, and then roar at his own joke."

"Can seals talk?"

"They certainly can," declared Doctor Merriam, "although I was never able to understand them. They understand each other well enough, and many a time I have seen an old bull give orders to a herd, just as an Indian chief gives orders to his warriors.

•

"We can't understand their language, but animals can communicate in a variety of ways. Does any man who has had much to do with dogs deny that they converse?

"Horses and dogs have the sense of humor highly developed. Raccoons and monkeys are the clowns of the animal kingdom. Anybody who ever had the care of elephants knows that these huge and ungainly creatures are great jokers, and mules have more fun in them than any animals I know.

"We have a mule belonging to the biological survey, named Jack, who is now wintering at Klamath, Oregon. He is the greatest wag you ever saw. He's got more sense than ten ordinary men, and his skin is just chock full of fun and cussedness. When we first got him he was wild in the desert of Nevada, and he was most difficult to break. Until he made up his mind to behave like a civilized being and be one of us we had a lot of trouble with him, but now he is the most amiable, companionable and amusing person connected with the survey. He is always poking his nose into our pockets for sugar, he never fails to make friends with every new cook we get, and always comes up after we have cooked our supper, to lick the fat out of the frying-pan. He is the greatest joker I ever knew among animals, and, while he never kicks or bites to injure us, he is forever thinking up new tricks.

•

"But the best joke he ever played was on Bailey, one of my assistants here in the office. Bailey dressed up in his Sunday clothes one night after supper, intending to pay his respects to a young lady he admired in town. Jack had been at work faithfully all day, and as he hadn't hired out for night work, he objected to going. There was a severe struggle, after which Jack apparently gave in. But you always want to look out for a mule. When he's amiable he means mischief.

"He started toward town in a gentle amble, and Bailey was thinking what a nice time he was going to have, when they reached a big irrigation ditch that had to be forded. It was full of muddy water. Jack had crossed it five hundred times without the slightest objection, but that evening he stopped short at the brink, and tossed Bailey over his head into the middle. Then, with a broad grin on his face, he turned round and scampered back to the corral, leaving Bailey to hoof it and reflect upon the sense of humor in mule critters."

MANY LETTERS
are received daily from all parts of the country highly endorsing the perfect cereal food—
WHEATLET
We append one:
"After a thorough test in my own family, I can hold up my hand and say on my soul that Wheatlet is the best cereal food in the World, and I feed my five children on it."
E. C. HAZARD,
Pres. Food Mfrs. Ass'n, N. Y.
Your grocer keeps it; if not, send us his name and your order; we will see that you are supplied.
Made only by the
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.
Lockport, N. Y.

Rambler BICYCLES
"Name, Quality, Price"
have always kept RAMBLER bicycles high in the esteem of discriminating wheel buyers.
In the RAMBLER factories only bicycles of "one grade, the highest; one quality, the best; one price," are made.
$40 IS THE PRICE
of 1899 RAMBLERS, "the very best wheels we have ever made."
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago Boston Washington New York
Brooklyn Detroit Cincinnati Buffalo
Cleveland London, Eng.

Wool Soap Safety
You can tell by the looks of Wool Soap that it's pure, and you're sure when you use Wool Soap that it's pure. No deception about it. Just pure, white soap; safe and agreeable in TOILET AND BATH. If your dealer doesn't have it, send us his name and we'll send you a cake free.
Swift and Company, Makers
Chicago

CUFFS HELD

with the Improved Washburne Patent Cuff Holders can be placed just where you want them; will never slip, but may be instantly released. Drawers Supporters, easily adjusted or taken off—excellent for holding golf trousers. By mail, 25c. the pair. Catalogue showing these and other novelties, free.
AMERICAN RING CO., Box 54, Waterbury, Conn.

Photographs of MOBILE, THE FAMOUS BAY SHELL ROAD, etc.
Photos. guaranteed not to fade. Send 12c. for sample to
W. CYRIL POOLEY, Mobile, Alabama

STUDY LAW AT HOME
Instruction by mail, adapted to every one. Takes spare time only. Three courses: Preparatory and College Law Course, also Business Law Course. Improve your condition and prospects. Graduates everywhere. Nine years of success. Full particulars free.
SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, 62 Telephone Building, DETROIT, MICH.

All Arithmetical Problems

solved rapidly and accurately by the Comptometer. Saves 60 per cent. of time, and entirely relieves nervous and mental strain. Adapted to all commercial and scientific computation. Every office should have one.
Write for Pamphlet.
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., Chicago

SHYNESS a Foe to SUCCESS

Author of "Getting on in the World" etc.

By William Mathews, LL.D.

ONE of the deadliest foes to worldly success is shyness. No young man who is afflicted with this trait—call it bashfulness, shamefacedness, *mauvaise honte*, or what you will—can ever hope, unless he conquers it, to rise to high position in any profession, except possibly in the medical.

This unhappy disposition is not only a source of much misery to its victim, but, as I have said above, is also one of the most insurmountable bars to success in life. Shy persons are generally persons of a quiet, amiable disposition, and they often have a fine taste and excellent moral feelings. They shrink from society and from *rencontres* with their fellow-men through an excessive delicacy of organism, which makes the bustle of life, and even its customary courtesies, unpleasant to them. They lack, usually, a sufficiency of animal spirits, and a consciousness of their infirmity reacts upon them by producing still greater embarrassment, so that the more they keep out of society the more unfitted for it do they become.

Should some chance throw such a man into company, and you succeed by dint of great effort in having a little playful converse with him, yet if on the very next day you encounter him on the street and expect a frank recognition, you will be frozen by a distant and chilling bow. You infer that he is cold and haughty, when, in fact, he may be modest and warm-hearted.

He passed you with a frigid greeting simply because he could not address you without an embarrassment not only painful in itself, but which would leave him in a state of self-humiliation doubling or trebling his pain. The seeming assumption of superiority is, in reality, only a confession of the most distressing weakness.

•

Not only men of delicate mould are shy, but men of great bodily and mental strength also have been tormented with shyness. Who that has read of the frank and open manner, the abandon and jesting humor of the celebrated theologian, logician, rhetorician and political economist, Archbishop Whately, would for a moment dream that he was ever afflicted with the wretched infirmity of which we are speaking? Yet he himself tells us that in his youth he suffered all the agonies of extreme shyness for many years, and "was driven to utter despair."

A confession of such a weakness by such a man affects us as ludicrously as that of the Quaker "of the old Foxian orgasm," of whom Charles Lamb tells, who, "with a face that would have scared away the Levities, the Jocos, Risusque faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna," confessed that he had been a wit in his youth. Yet the witty and mirth-provoking diner-out, who in after life so easily set the tables in a roar, tells us in all seriousness that in his youth he was diffident in general society. Writing, in 1809, to the hostess of Holland House upon the probable effects on him of a residence in the country, he says: "I shall take myself again to shy tricks, pull about my watch-chain, and become, as I was before, your abomination."

Even Lord Chesterfield, the accomplished courtier and man of the world, the polished mirror of manners, whose name is a synonym for self-possession, ease and *savoir faire*, tells us that when first introduced into good company, with all the awkwardness and rust of Cambridge about him, he was nearly frightened out of his wits. "I was determined," he says, "to be what I thought civil; I made fine low bows, and placed myself below everybody. If I saw people whisper, I was sure it was at me, and I thought myself the sole object of either the ridicule or the censure of the whole company, who, heaven knows, did not trouble their heads about me."

Robert Chambers, in one of his excellent essays, tells of a kindly Scottish peer who, owing to his constitutional shyness, was disliked by all his acquaintances. To equals and inferiors, to neighbors and tenants he appeared a freezing aristocrat. When, in his youth, the King of England was spending an evening at his father's house, and the children of the family were ordered to be prepared for a formal introduction to His Majesty, the father was mortified by the absence of his eldest son. He had secretly stolen away from home at an early hour to avoid the dreaded ceremony.

•

A certain English nobleman was so shy that his own servants were instructed to avoid as far as possible meeting him on staircases and in passages. He was deemed proud and aristocratic, when it is altogether probable that he was one of these sensitive, shy men to whom greetings are intolerable, and from whom a "Good-morning" is wrung like gold from a miser.

But shyer than any of the men we have named, one of the oddest men in this respect that ever lived was the brilliant essayist and critic, William Hazlitt. Strange to say, his great dread in visiting his friends was that of encountering the servants in the hall, and as there was no way of reaching the drawing-room without running that gauntlet, Hazlitt never entered a friend's house without writhing under the feelings engendered during his passage to it.

But how, if possible, can this distressing weakness, so fatal to worldly advancement and usefulness, be overcome? It must be gratifying to know that even in its extremest forms it can be and has been overcome by persistent effort. Sydney Smith conquered it. After much suffering he discovered, he says, that all men were not solely occupied in observing *him* as all young people are apt to think of themselves, and that shamming was of no use, the world being very clear-sighted and soon estimating a man at his just value. "This cured me, and I determined to be natural, and let the world find me out."

•

Whately reached the same result by sheer force of will: "I said to myself, Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there was any progress made, any success to be hoped for; but, since there is not, I will die quietly without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost and find that I must be awkward as a bear all my life in spite of it. I will endeavor to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured. From this time I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy and natural manner, careless in the extreme, rough and awkward—for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way—and, of course, tutorially pedantic, but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good will toward all men which I really feel."

William Wirt was cheered and encouraged by his friend, Benjamin Edwards, who, to overcome his shyness, endeavored to raise his self-estimate by reminding him of his natural advantages, and showing him that Dorsey and Pinkney, the great lawyers whom he so admired and envied, were making their way to the pinnacles of the profession under obstacles as great as any which he (Wirt) had to encounter. The result was that by persistent effort Wirt at last overcame his tormenting self-consciousness, and became so self-reliant that he even dared to grapple with the giant of the bar, "Glendower" Pinkney.

Chesterfield suffered for some time like a criminal at the bar, and would certainly have renounced all polite company whatever if he had not been so convinced of the absolute necessity of forming his manners upon those of the best social circles that he determined to persevere and suffer anything or everything rather than not compass that point.

•

"Insensibly it grew easier to me, and I began not to bow so ridiculously low, and to answer questions without great hesitation or stammering. I got more courage soon afterward, and was intrepid enough to go up to a fine woman and tell her that I thought it a warm day. She answered me very civilly that she thought so, too; upon which the conversation ceased upon my part for some time, till she, good-naturedly resuming it, spoke to me thus: 'I see your embarrassment, and I am sure that the few words you said to me cost you a great deal; but do not be discouraged for that reason and avoid good company. We see that you desire to please, and *that is the main point*; you want only the manner, and *you think that you want it still more than you do*. You must go through your novitiate before you can profess good breeding, and if you will be my novice I will present you to my acquaintance as such.'"

Let the young man who suffers from shyness—who is kept in the background by nervous timidity—take courage from these examples. Let him force himself into society and the bustle and uproar of the world at all hazards, and school himself to take part in its affairs. Let him keep in mind that so far is he from being the focus of all eyes in society, so far are his fellow-men from watching all his movements, that they are only too profoundly indifferent to him; and banishing all thought of them, as they do him, let him be himself, and he may rely upon it that the malady which has poisoned all his life and kept him in obscurity will disappear. Better still, his extreme nervousness and exquisite sensitiveness to impressions, once mastered and controlled, may be made in some departments of effort—as in public speaking, for example—a source of power. It is a certain anxious diffidence which, kept in check, makes one take pains to win and deserve success, which stimulates energy and sustains perseverance.

The Singer No. 24

AUTOMATIC CHAIN-STITCH

The general advantages of this type of machine for family sewing comprise greatest ease and quietness of operation, simplicity of construction and the elasticity of the single-thread seam. When needle is threaded the machine is ready, the stitch requiring neither bobbin nor shuttle. The thread is taken from one spool, and is so interwoven and twisted that seam cannot rip unless its finished end be unlocked. When this is done, the entire length of thread can be quickly withdrawn without injury to the fabric.
Every genuine machine carries the trade-mark.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one Free. Old Machines taken in Exchange

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES ARE MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Offices in Every City in the World

The Jones Umbrella "Roof"
Put on in one minute. No Sewing.
Fits any Frame.
MEASURE FROM TIP TO TIP OF RIBS
$1.00 for a new UNION TWILLED SILK "Adjustable Roof"

COVER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA

Take the measure (in inches) of your old umbrella; count the number of outside ribs; state if the centre rod is of steel or wood. If you cannot get the Jones Umbrella "Roof" of your dealer SEND $1.00 TO US [26-inch, $1.25; 30-inch, $1.50], and we will mail, postpaid, a UNION TWILLED SILK "Adjustable Roof." If not entirely satisfactory your money promptly refunded, including stamps you have used for postage. Booklet, "Umbrella Economy," with simple instructions necessary, mailed with your order. THE GEO. A. JONES COMPANY, 29 Walker St., New York

This Double Rugby Harness, $20, as good as sells for $30.
WE HAVE NO AGENTS
but have sold to the user direct, at factory prices, for the past twenty-six years. We ship anywhere for examination. Everything Fully Warranted. We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively. Our line consists of Rockaways, Surreys, Traps, Phaetons, Stanhopes, Driving Wagons, Top Buggies, Open and Top Road Wagons, Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Milk Wagons, Wagonettes, and all styles of Harness.
Send for Large Free Catalogue
ELKHART
Carriage and Harness Manufacturing Co.
W. B. PRATT, Sec'y. ELKHART, INDIANA
This Extension-Top Surrey, with double fenders, complete with side curtains, aprons, lamps, and pole or shafts, for $75.
Just as good as retails for $110.

I LOVE YOU SO! LATEST POPULAR SONG and CHORUS

Regular price is 30 cents, but we will send you a copy in COMPLETE SHEET FORM, together with our MUSICAL BULLETIN, CATALOGUE OF MUSIC and BARGAIN LISTS OF MUSIC, for 10 cents in stamps.

ADAMS MUSIC COMPANY, Department H, 64 Winfield Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Would you save from 40 to 60 per cent. if you knew how?

Our catalogues tell about Furniture, Pianos, Organs, Sewing-Machines, Bicycles, Baby Carriages, and everything used in a home.

Our sixteen-color Lithographed Catalogue shows Carpets, Rugs and Draperies in hand-painted colors.

Carpets sewed and lined free, and freight paid.

Expressage paid on Made-to-Order Clothing. Suits, $5.75 to $15.00.

• • •

Why pay retail prices when you know of us? All catalogues are free. Address this way:

DEPT. 488

JULIUS HINES & SON

BALTIMORE, MD.

Ornamental STEEL SWINGS

We Swing the World. All styles. For baby, for parks, for whole family. Beautiful finish. Spring backs, canopy tops. Fine booklet free.

D. H. HAUSMAN, Hausman, Lanc. Co., Pa.

GAS

MAKE YOUR OWN

BOOK FREE

JOHNSON ELECTRIC SERVICE CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

AMBITIOUS MEN

with push and energy can secure permanent, profitable positions as our exclusive dealers. No capital required. We have established over 500 young men in paying businesses of their own, and we are ready to do the same for you. Hundreds of enterprising merchants also represent us, with profit to themselves and absolute satisfaction to their customers. Write us to-day.

The Royal Tailors, 35 E. 12th St., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Estab. 1885. Incorporated 1899. References: Dun's, Bradstreet's any Ex. Co.; 1st Nat. Bank, Chicago; Imp. and Tr. Nat. Bank, N.Y.

playing golf?

Of course you want the best ball. Try the new American-made "Davidson." It's uniform in size, flies beautifully, floats, and lasts many a game. 3 for $1, prepaid.

Davidson Rubber Co.

Free golf score book for 2c. postage. Boston, Mass.

HOME STUDY of Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Business Forms, etc., and our private lessons BY MAIL, open up to young men and women good-paying positions. We give just the training needed for success in business. No interference with work, only spare time required. The cheapest and best method of study. Highly endorsed, national reputation. Established 25 years. We also teach all English and Civil Service courses BY MAIL. Trial lesson, 10 cents. A fine catalogue free. Address Bryant & Stratton College, 355 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

PURE WATER

$1000 Challenge!

36.92 per cent. more water, at less expense and less trouble, produced by

The Sanitary Still

than imitations. Only Still recognized by United States Government. Report of comparative tests, booklet and testimonials free

THE CUPRIGRAPH COMPANY, 96 No. Green St., Chicago

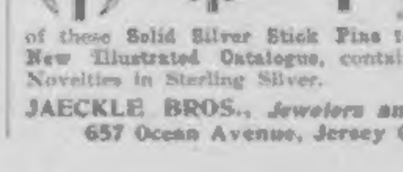
4 Linen Doilies for 10 Cents

We will send, to any one, four 6-inch Doilies, beautiful flower designs, together with our 100-page Catalogue, on receipt of 10 cents.

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.
48 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 81

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Ladies' Lap and Game Board with yard measure on it. Size, 19x36 inches, made of 3-ply, ¼ thick, veneered soft wood, warranted not to warp or split. Sample sent for 75c.

C. H. BAKER, New Carlisle, Indiana



Special Offer For 10 Cts.

in stamps we will send you either of these Solid Silver Stick Pins to introduce our New Illustrated Catalogue, containing the latest Novelties in Sterling Silver.

JAECKLE BROS., Jewelers and Silversmiths
657 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON

HOW MEN MAKE THEIR FIRST $1000

By AMOS BARTON

WITH the acquisition of his first $1000 the young man who has determined to live long and die rich gains courage in himself and strength in his ambition. As is the first purchased painting to the artist, the initial volume to the author, so is the original $1000 safely deposited in the bank to the credit of the embryo capitalist.

Few there are who can persevere to the thousand-dollar mark, and fewer still who, reaching it, can calmly make of it the cornerstone of a future fortune. The desire to spend money is stronger in the human breast than the desire to save it. That is the reason why the story of how men of great wealth accumulated their first hard-earned $1000 is intensely interesting, and why this narrative of Collis P. Huntington is written.

Starting from the bare ground, with nothing but an alert brain and a pair of willing hands, Collis Potter Huntington is to-day worth $50,000,000, and has a reputation as the foremost railroad organizer of the world. His first earnings were exactly $7 a month, a small enough compensation for any worker, and yet at the end of twelve months he had managed to save $84.

It should be explained, however, that his board, lodging and clothes were provided in addition to his monthly wage. The embryonic railroad magnate was fourteen years old at this period.

From the date of his birth, which occurred October 22, 1821, in the picturesque village of Harwinton, in Litchfield County, Connecticut, up to the time of his start in business, he had only succeeded in gaining local fame as a schoolboy fighter. As a boy he never took a licking, and as a man he has won every business battle in which he has engaged.

It is characteristic of the man that he dearly loves a fight, and the spirit of aggression is so strong within him that, had he not been a great promoter and financier, he assuredly would have become a notable soldier.

•

At the age of sixteen,—a time when most youths are thinking only of sports and pastimes—Mr. Huntington, with a capital of $150 he had saved and some letters of introduction, went to New York. He immediately launched out on a business career, and his faith in himself never for an instant forsook him. He bought goods in the big metropolis, both for cash and credit, but chiefly for the latter.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON

His foresight in arming himself with the proper credentials proved him born to business. With his stock in trade he traveled through the South, selling his wares at a considerable profit, and astonishing the graybeards with his show of Yankee shrewdness and native wit. Finding himself, at the mature age of twenty, with $300, he opened a general merchandise store, with his brother Solon, at Oneonta, New York State.

The same force of character, the same iron will which has enabled him to amass his magnificent fortune, was in evidence when young Huntington opened his little country store. He bought the stock for less money than any other merchant of the village could have done, and consequently he was able to undersell his competitors. He ran his store in a thoroughly businesslike manner. The country store, always the lounging-place for all the loafers in a village, was kept free from idlers, who were warned that they could not expect to make the establishment of the Huntington Brothers their headquarters. There was one kind of merchandise which could not be bought there; that was rum.

•

These innovations were applauded by the peace-loving, industrious citizens of Oneonta, but the other kind became the sworn enemies of "that 'hifalutin' young feller, Huntington." Many were the attempts of these enemies to force the young shopkeepers out of town.

It is related that a dastardly attempt was once made to burn down the Huntington store, and to this end a half-witted boy of the village was bribed to apply the torch. So nearly was the plot successful that almost half of the store's merchandise was ablaze before young Huntington learned of the catastrophe. Hurrying to the scene of the conflagration, he quickly formed a bucket brigade, forcing into line, more by command than entreaty, some of the very men who had instigated the incendiarism, and who did not dare to arouse suspicion by refusing to aid in quenching the fire.

Huntington soon afterward learned who were the persons responsible for his losses, and soundly thrashed the ringleader in the plot. The bright young merchant was never again molested after this episode.

During the time he was in Oneonta the youthful Huntington continued to augment his savings. The profits of the store were not large, but its expenses were considerable. Still, the head of the firm managed to save something out of his share of the earnings, and this was deposited in the local bank.

It was not long before the original investment of $500 had grown to six, to seven, to eight hundred dollars, and finally his well-worn little bank-book showed a balance of $1000. Then something happened—the news that great veins of gold, in quantities, had been discovered in California. Enormous "finds" were made almost daily, and men who had gone to the Pacific coast as paupers were reported to be worth millions.

•

These stories, false and true alike, penetrated the village of Oneonta and set men thinking about the advantages of life and work in the extreme West. Young Huntington did some thinking on this score, too, but he had no mind for delving for riches. He had a more prosaic but less uncertain scheme for gaining wealth. What was better, he had $1000 to start him on the road to fortune.

In the sleepy little town of Oneonta Mr. Huntington might have lived until now, had not the California gold fever aroused his business instinct. The ancient adage that three great opportunities come to every one, but that most people do not recognize them when they appear, was never applicable to this man. Young Huntington, seeing in the excitement of the gold craze possibilities for advancing his fortunes, lost no time in making ready for the passage "round the Cape."

He sailed on March 15, 1849, and with him, snugly tucked away in a capacious pocket, was his first $1000, which represented many months of toil and many pleasures foregone. But this money was the stepping-stone to his present enormous wealth; the beginning of a fortune that is notable for its vastness even in these days of numerous multi-millionaires.

From the time he was fourteen to the day (ten years later) he sailed for California, Huntington never spent a penny foolishly.

•

Still, he was never charged with stinginess. "Work with an honesty of purpose, and practice an intelligent economy," is his laconic receipt for success. "Strive to save fifty cents out of every dollar you earn, and spend not one cent for things you do not really need," was his advice to a young man who asked him for the keynote to fortune.

An ordinary man would have succumbed to the strain of organizing and building the Central Pacific Railroad. But C. P. Huntington is not an ordinary man. He has rugged health and a cheerful disposition. He has none of the common vices of men. Besides vast railroading enterprises (their names alone would fill half of one of these columns) he is interested in 4976 miles of steamship lines in this country and many more in foreign places. He is President of the best railroad in Guatemala, and another in Vancouver, B. C. He controls the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, plying between Japan and China, and has promoted lines in Brazil. He has built and owns a drydock and ship-building yard at Newport News, said to be the best-appointed shipyard in the United States.

That first $1000, so difficult to get, so hard to hold, was the nucleus of the $50,000,000 the name of Collis P. Huntington represents to-day. But what do you think he says of his first earnings—that inspiring $1000? That it made him feel as much of a capitalist, made him just as proud and happy, as all he holds at this moment. Thus does he sum up his strenuous character.

The name of

Swift

on lard, on hams,
on bacon, is a

Guarantee of Purity

Swift and Company

Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis
Omaha, St. Paul, St. Joseph

SPECIAL PRINTS FOR FRAMING

A list of selected reproductions, including

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S WAR PICTURES

And the work of C. D. Gibson, William Nicholson, A. B. Wenzell, E. W. Kemble, C. Grant La Farge, etc., etc., will be mailed to any address on application. Also ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, including latest publications. When writing, *please specify which catalogue you wish.*

Pictures and books forwarded, carriage paid, on receipt of price

R. H. RUSSELL, - - 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City

Without a Teacher

any one—even a child—can play the Columbia Zither from the figure-chart music furnished with each instrument.

The No. 3 $6

Columbia Zither

is a simplified German Zither of American manufacture. In addition to the voice notes there are groups of chords which blend harmoniously, the whole producing music that charms and delights all who hear it.

If your music-dealer hasn't the Columbia Zither send to us. No. 3, as illustrated above, $6.00; other Nos. $4.00 to $8.00, any of which we will send C. O. D., or express prepaid on receipt of price. 700 extra tunes at 5 cents each.

CATALOGUE FREE

The Phonoharp Co., 146 Liverpool St., E. Boston, Mass.

WALL PAPER

Artistic homes cost no more than ordinary homes. The difference is in the choice of wall paper. And right choice does not add to the expense when selections are made from our catalogue, a handsome book

BY MAIL FREE

containing choice selections from the works of the best wall-paper designers. Prices much lower than those of ordinary dealers. Send for it to-day. When you write, tell us what rooms you plan to paper.

AGENTS WANTED to sell wall paper from sample books. Large commission. Write for particulars.

CHARLES M. N. KILLEN
1281-1283 Filbert Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

Home instruction in drawing for newspapers and magazines by successful illustrators. Requires spare time only. Adapted to young and old, beginners and advanced students. An opportunity to enter a highly profitable profession. *Full information free.*

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
114 West 34th Street, New York

INSIST ON THESE — TAKE NO OTHER

It Pays men with small capital to send for 250-p. book that explains a way to make money with a Magic Lantern or Stereopticon. It's FREE.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York

STARK TREES have a 74-YR. Record. Fruit Book FREE. STARK BROS., Stark, Mo. Wa PAY FREIGHT

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

MUSIC SELF-TAUGHT

Prof. Rice's Self-Teaching System

All can Learn Music without a teacher. Rapid, Correct. Notes, Chords, Accompaniments, Harmony. *Established 18 years.* 10 Lessons, 10 cents. Circulars Free.

C. A. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.